



Tzu

A Verse of Infinity

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About the Book

**Nothing moves me
Left Behind a Story
Who am I?**

Tea

Scribe down all the letters of my ordeal
And the alphabet will begin to unfold
The pieces, transforming through narrow vision
And distorted truths, fragments of time
Years, moments once past
Juice the feeling of bliss, for
Once the tea sinks in, the mind can
Only
Wander

My Story

this place alone I feel the heat
that pumps my heart into a slow beat
for once I was a man in ray
that shone in hope a rightful way
once before I was forgotten lost
in a place of voids and twisted costs
I fell into a star eclipse
and as I knew I must subsist
this thread of life uncoiled my core
and thus the truth I began to bore
a snake that tunneled the core of my heart
and thus the way was paved in start
in this mood I felt I knew my state
and thus interdependence I began to relate
the mountain scenes and coastal beaches
were within my mind's far away reaches
the green, the rocks, the moment I read
where my heart was flat out dead
broken into a million shattered glasses
I knew for once I knew the lashes
this crown of despair I had so dreaded
was a demon of lust that must be wedded
a wolf who hungers at a lambs slaughter
was were I came to my own fodder
the eye that sees this inward glance
was created in such a way and trance
I moved and mused to the universe's stars
and felt the magma cool my scars

so when I was and was I am
I felt as though I was grand
to read about my life in scenes
was what was making my brain scheme
this scheme, a poem, a spell, a crime
that the fruit of poison insisted in time
debased this prophet of unwinding fell
into an existential particle hell
in this place I entered twice
my atoms were cut up and were spliced
I thought I saw the pillars of peace
and thus I thought that I may release
the books to comprehend the muse of mind
were spelled out before me in the fiend
was the place I felt so entwined
the hell inside, the black hole bind
is were for once you see the line
this faded line that must not be crossed
along the event horizon of dead at all cost
so then in sleep awoken I was sublime
and I began to feel the soul of mine
this soul I searched began to infuse
itself with love so I may use
disorder upon the fold was set in play
and reason the order light years away
once perhaps I will tell you why
that the living dead is all inside
yet heaven above sends earthly guise
so rich in harmony to swell the lies
let me now sing to you
my mind is clear, refreshed, renewed
for this place alone I hold to fast
and this particle existence is my last
the breath of death is where it began
and I was infused with this land
I recite myself in lines that hope
you will live your life in ray of dope
so which upon this time I think
the universe is mine and linked
my thoughts estrange my fleeting groans
that will itself along the foam
the beating core my mind now seeks
is a refuge to the small and weak
this poem I know is mine to keep
and ponder as I think and sleep

let me recite how it all began
the love of Venus was too much to stand
I fell into a spell of depression
and felt as though in commission
was to where I must take to sea
as the shores and coasts were apart of me
the waves kept rolling as my mind searched
for the answer to control its hurt
this pain I felt is like no other
except when Zeus diminished his own brother
I fell under the spell of nature
and a chemical change came to my rapture
and thus the green felt its place
consumed I was and rather displaced
elegance I thought was a knight at bay
until this stupor diminished the way
the spell of nature so enacted
that I must be teleported and so reacted
to the breath of death upon my soul
and this is when consumed at whole
at once my mind perceived the world
the twists and twirls of what is curled
inside our brain, inside this mess
I began to ponder at best
the only reason I could relate
I must've visited hell on this date
so then one night at the lake
I gave my soul towards the fates
and once the spell activated my mind
books and theories were so divine
the poems I wrote about this place
were rather infused with a holy face
so once upon the night of that
the formula came to my mind in fact
yet who's to say what is so true
am I delusional without a clue?
the thesis I wrote began to ensnare
all the universe at a glare
and though at once it felt so right
could my mind be confused at its own sight
as the years have passed I have now shown
that the winds of south have seldom blown
I can now see this guise of self
and I know in fact it's my own wealth
so now seated on this chair

I can tell you that I know what's fair
to be blinded by reason the selfless urge
that love inside may only purge
as you may see part of me
in this prose I know I'm free
to watch myself upon this land
and know for fact I only stand
upon my feet I know what's right
so must I test myself tonight?
so free, careless, controlled and willed
to avoid is to be all but stilled
as now for once my words align
and to the stars our wills will shine
divine in rhyme I feel the core
as this truth of mine is my own door
yet death knocking close inside
is why I must keep my confide
if I begin to tell my story
o the horrors of life and glory
so as I write I write I know I must
give way to self and bestial lust
perhaps to you I am alone
this is what I make myself shone
the trips to magic lands and places
were dimensions and comprehension heals faces
inside our soul you will find a tree
that is what teams within so free
so fire your core let truth restore
a fatality of life you must abhor
begin anew with friends and past
for who knows which day may be your last

Energy

Inside deep in my turtle shell
My mind's energy only gives me hell
Formulating basic waves and attacks
O why o why cannot I not detach

Once lost in a time were bliss was kind
I found a notion, a branch, a vine
That held me in sway, in a debased time
Fleeting moments were caught in crime

This mood a state select elective
Produces demons that fright defective
Insisting on the anchor sediment
Hells hope in short a settlement

This time in pen a write to you
How long until this state is through
This mind of mine fuels the core
As I open wide my hopeful doors

Why can't my mind just live in peace
As it is a part of the vine, a leaf
It comes and goes with no relief
This demon o so sensual, a thief

Why o why must my mind detest
All the miracles in life that were given blest
I feel as though I know the best
Yet moving forward I seek only rest

Energies capacity to feed the Cyclops chastity
Removes my mind from the feeling happily;
Once again I feed the happening
I live in now and remove the suffering

Now as I write my mind in full
I live my life by the Zen of whole
Where I detest myself from where I came
As I know my thoughts are to blame

Yet once upon a night of this
My movement touched the dreams a kiss
I felt as though the now of then
Was written in my hand my pen

And now the spell which chimes my life
Was a trip, a death, a moment strife
And to which, when, and how the who
I live in what I know is true

Release from me this thought of mine
As skyward to the stars I shine
Without control without my sight
I see deep into the dragon's mouth

This dragon of wonder is mine to create
 A ponder thought at bay my lake
 The soul in which the movement takes
 Me away from all my woes and hates

So now I see this tree inside
 And it roots deep in the mire's time
 A motion of self to beset my frame
 As I sing free from my name

As once I forgot my place in swell
 And forged was my maker's hell
 Today I'm free from this place I fell
 And as you know I can only tell

That once you feel my words and rhymes
 You will be moved to a plane divine
 For all the evil of life insists
 That all energy inside must be dismissed

Divinity (Paradoxica)

source system, within thee abyss
 temples of victory, within labyrinths
 heartbeat pulse, healing circuits
 soul-development, presence
 cistern of dwell, sister's furies tell
 scrolls and seals, visions of hell

devilish monster, hydras in fright
 combating these forces, sun bright nights
 courses of Revelation, prophecy condition
 lens of Rayon, sun midnight edition
 reflecting mirror; flight submission

sound reverb, let the soul reverie
 divinity in motion, potential cavalier
 unlocking my door, entering within
 I see nothing, something, everything;
 -in fin!

a light, fiat lux, burning nih

content is blue, passive sigh
Where is the structure, ever hopeful design
this bay-writer, a writer defined!
pass away lineage, the winds move the line

music intwixt, betwixt the vine
ember so soft, burning so stined
can't reflect prisms, orbs spheres, combine
planetary time is a confine,
Merkaba movement, letter's unwind

rising above, visions surround darkness
light shines, depleting the mines lightness
were golden Alchemical rocks
tock, clock, form and restock
into mineral thought, ponder caught
in between magick, we know what's not
cellular memory, pores ancient chart

Magi combining, returning dance
trance, seer-vision, prophecy, fourth-eye stance
combining these forces, what is, is right,
For in the night, corn still grows
and lakes reflect, the moon's soft glow
half-light suspect, Sun's Elect
skies of Heavenly haze, inward gaze
what I feel, Hearts are real
as amplifying love, is adding coherence
Truth Feels...

to a soul; embarkment clearance
passage through Nether, calming weather
shouts with calm, through the wind
swaying, breathing, placid still waters
always supplemented by the drops of love

illumination the cause, still the question
embrace Helen, not a book that's unpleasant
be the Eagle, Hawk, Dove of Birds
that comes in essence, all flight is the Word
in motion, capturing the potential notions
of intention, will, and spirit
Intervene betwixt; want a passage?
-current refreshed living a miracle,
continually blest

Inward Planes

Inward planes of colors supported
 dimensions, transmigrations; soul's deported,
 in all ways, path-day and emotions,
 lead to Nirvana, One with God reported,
 Minerva led pace, Yet many warriors roam,
 along fields, potential yields and sects unknown,
 dancing Fire of havoc around Solomon,
 yet his Temple, glory of Wisdom's Home!

split in two, that is when the mind began!
 linear paths along the strings program!
 sequences, atoms bubbling, essence expands,
 conditions, forms, reforming formed lands,
 the fold at hand, under the glove strands!

each bird, a flight of a white Dove,
 singing silent songs still Jove,
 sight is given by the grace of Groves
 Apollo's hymn prophecy of life's glories!
 yet Zeus shock's with Hercules story,
 each feat a Providence peon's misery,
 as each returning Head, proves God's sorry,
 as I recite, seer, seen, sense
 Purusha dictates dukkha pretense
 each rule our own, a let dissonance, as
 our story regulates our own providence,
 As I end my song, I sing along.

Diamond

Reality before Consciousness:

The Diamond crust solidifies a template for Universal Structure, a home to each civilian that
 notices a central commission to a Source of Life. A meaning is thus a meaning of this.
 Tathagata.

Each fragment collected, like spheres of circular entropy, each motion grew, like a pendulum
 balancing the proportions.

Each bubble, a new wave-form of interference. Thus the light began to rise and darkness fell.
Thus gravity became a downward motion as darkness pulls one to the centre of being;
singularity or hell!

A singularity that can shift colours under each light, thus transparency reflects a luminous glow
of each play, the foundation of the Well allowed for Atlas to grow greater than the Turtle.

The light gave up and made an image of self. Reproducing its Word to emotion to thought. This
created the first porous activity. Each nucleus evolved from a simple word, and each bubble is a
dimension of each words thought. In essence, Words are the expansion of dimensions. Each
word creates a new dimension of thought, and sub-creates an octave layer that harmonizes to
the contingency of the Nexus.

This firm point allows for a distraction of sphere music to come through in various times.

The thoughts come into motion. Creating potential that created action. This cause, God,
illumination or light, the Effect, came into existence because of inertia. The ascension of light
and descension of Order created a field within itself that balances yet collapses, retracts yet
moves.

What we really are is Hell on Body, Heaven in Spirit.
Dragons vs. Angels.

Phoebes

A field fairly warm and light
where song, grass and magic sights
thee self begun a glade so rare
majesty, compassion, love be there
let this simple note of my muse
come forth through Phoebe fused
light rays fly as atom's dance
upon my selective mood and trance
beats and rhythms, mountains and rocks
twisting Nethers and vortex's crux
let shine Apollo, lyre, note and hymn

Nutrients

Thy ripples, soft, serene, calm

patterns revolving, opening doors;
 the lake; a current reflection
 of moments, alone : introspective
 behind; a mountain of imperious power,
 Titans, formations, crying in showers
 of steady clouds; reformation
 rising as vapour, during deforestation,
 waters serpentine as Dragon's tears
 down to the rivers, flowing clear;
 as time currents a oceanic design
 linear crimes, aligned in thought mine

a single flower, floating freely on the lake,
 Hedge well thy roses, Whilst certain fates
 expand, contract, will; designate,
 attributes, solaces, mistakes; a gambled haste
 as a gazelle runs from a Lion,
 so does a Wolf rest with a lamb.

Clearly, once the Truth shores
 upon each beach that always grows,
 the motion, from the sands of time,
 a space continues to send sublime;
 thoughts of dust, always entering the atmosphere
 can't you see, blue is the calm,
 in Heaven above, residing in Love
 then showering us with Mana and grace

Siddhi

As I glow like a fire burning red
 heating, dancing, patterns wed,
 into ambivalent coalescing dread
 fabric churning; relaxing, siddhi fed

entering in, withdrawn, solemn in guise
 void of negativity; right-rib prize
 capturing, embraces, Heart-filled lies
 two trees; one forsaken path demise

o ye serpent tongues of craft
 suspect, Sun's elect, transparent draft
 were once; I was, thus Am I; crystal staff,

star's profound; mountain's cry in sap

from Tree's of Life; strife; books
containing knowledge, that is the serpent's hook
time forsook, for soon, forgotten Nook's
a hidden "behind wall" written crook

what lies beyond the river's edge?
Select currents that only wedge
Over the ledge; dissolution pledge

I feel like a path; a way
that plays like current's bay;
each beach like a star; Abraham's own
What sand does this keys hold?

a Prophet sees the Word of life
the Holy Spirit is the divine light through strife
prevailing winds; sacrifice; a knife
cutting, betwixt my soul's tithe,

before, I unlocked, a door of my Heart
I was consumed, caged, set-apart
lies, deceit, ploys, devilish comforts
came, left, saw, seen, separated,

yet, common laws dictate a man,
but which grain rises? A current strand
prolonged by waves of rights and plans
whose Divine Rights throne the King's command?

Back, was when; whenever, when-out
the Magick came from the Stone's doubt
opening, jumping, inside with planet's about
was seen, by my own orbital out,

each planet, rings, snow and ice
can be harvested for water; then refreshed by rice,
terraces on hills, thus created valleys for gneiss,
they will thus, keep control of vice,

as to say, when upon, we must heat the place
with, cognitive fires burning apace,
thus the carbon dioxide will infuse the space,
and the rice will use photosynthesis for grace,

when some oxygen floats through the Aether
winds will rush and current weather
will storm, create, jewel together
bacteria will form; bird's of a feather

prospering thus, the land will burn,
each page refreshed by the ashes turn
and the lamp of Divine will set in urn
a new Word, a ocean, tectonic churns

that rises the temples of rock, volcanic Islands
creating lands for voyages and disciples
yet Walker's upon the fray of combinations
each to each Tribe, Aztec relation

the Heart cut, sewn shut, up & up
let the sanction of Altar's walk abrupt
to den's where organic creation's supped
a visionary; darkened eye time trust

upon renewal; disorder and mind
possession of Deities of order's design
rewind, solstice sublime, anew annexed align
time set's an example of our kind

Hope to see the Walkers again
rocks upon layers of shoveled sand
were made like Poseidon, Spider, and planes
to reach to the Orbital Mainframe

sphere's within, constructed harmonies atune
let various employments develop in tunes
in music, whims, plays and dunes
that form under pressure from water and fumes

chemicals change, orbits derange
gravities bane, allowance of planes,
windows of pain, enabling death's gain
Hades Pluto is a cold; insane

Saturn's rings ready like notes
harmonizing like a steady Oak boat
that time in, time out, sets afloat
monster's inside Hope; your own scapegoat

the orbits change, like a cloud
 they speak aloud, Doppler music sound
 and shed tears, like mercies ground
 that gives us a place to put us around

others who see, the Tree, that moves tension
 common visions of moderate attraction
 visitation comprehension sound mentions
 a walk, along the coast of sensation

I walk alone, a dance of death
 yet each Word, precise, a living breath
 that underneath, I escape the left
 and thus; keep right, it is a test.

Petit Ami

Evening settles o'er a landscape content
 moods echo; surrounded by sound's intent
 Word's at dusk; lake's reflect consent
 a mirror image; root's grow irrelevant

absent is time; arbitrary episodes
 allowing Elucidation; splicing slowed
 voids are black matter; Order's control
 which, eventually algorithm's white-hole
 turns ambient, colors take hold
 coding motion into linear folds

disorder set in motion; atom's dance
 selected con-science; elementary Chance
 perhaps my name; will alter trance
 allowing you, to slow; séance
 medium spirit! Arise (· ·) Love albeit ambiance
 siddhi allowance, difference of (**interference**)
 waves upon grace, different days prance
 heliocentric valleys flowing substance

coals burn like fossils withering hot
 deep layers, mantle, crust; tethering spots
 tunnels, caverns, snake-lake stops
 dark stalactite and stalagmites crops

along tectonic folds, constructed combats
crevices; earthquakes – divorces knot

star's plot, constellation force
Starfield; Universal Source
relativity and quantum course
imagination's choiceless remorse

Eros

Mountain scenes form through
along road erosion's frost
cold miseries clue
avalanches from Eros

arrows quell shells torture's slings
liberty bell, chimes trumpet within
gravity's form, behold Beings
found is searched, your own constructed fin

tree's sing notes like a spoke and a hub
curving space-time, allegorical breathing
conical fountain, well's of Talmud
mosses algae refreshes the weathering

folds and layers, chisel's clay screams
compacted rock, stoned sensory block
mineral thought, Titan's scene
Leer lila! Maya's own dethroned rock

formation around
bubble words of Doppler sound
essences are found
dig deep through mantles that ground

Twenty First Day of Day One

on the twenty first day of day one
meaning has resulted in zero sum
looking forward, looking back
life develops new attacks
defences are futile yet born within
where is the beginning, where is the fin
innocence is harmed from the warmonger's charm
during the moment that ceases to alarm
the death of you, the killing of me
and the destruction of our part in humanity
the trenches are dug, the bullets are sent
o the good times were so miss spent
And as
the kindred spirit has forgotten to see
that narcissus's touch destroys the me
control this, that, mine and yours
faded line opening nothing before
commonalities reduced the fatalities
yet blood still flows in our reality
Nothing is
everything one man attempts to gain
is always restricted, always constrained
all this good, all things bad
can be produced from our own hand
a hand that kills those who fear
yet strokes the beauty we hold near
near to me, far from you
each attack leaves no clue
why are we here, why kill ourselves?
there is no meaning in that medal on the shelf

shut down a heart, shutdown yourself
start up each day with energy and thought
meditate on what to share, not what you have fought

The WALL

The wall is still intact
Untouched by theories and beliefs
Isolation and alienation isn't the key
Subsequently, conformity doesn't solve the equation either
But alas, a crack appears
The ice has shattered

And a bond of photons radiates unhindered
Through unjust trials and centennial turmoils
I have derived the origin of my internal stockade
A catalyst sparked the imminent change in my heart
Ramifications may vary, but are superfluous now
Resulting in the pro's and con's of my existence
But the equation still has not be deduced
In accordance, it can be calculated as
God does not play dice

Faded Line

trying to find that once faded line
between this, that yours and mine
shelled from my own wall of emotions
I scratch for tranquillity from within this commotion
diving deep into the keyhole, I search for the mechanism that fits just
right
can this wall be unlocked, or should I lock myself in tight?
the once so happy glee, is no longer a part of me
as each brick stretches as far as no-man can see
mud, water, straw, earth, and air has created my own prison
any attempts to escape wouldn't produce a scare
freedom from this emotionally cloud box
would construct new beginnings, were I would go, I know not
the wild, open land, which myself had set closed
would allow the dissonance, of this one sided prose
when everything around me starts to crumble
do I be humble or create new bricks from this stumble?
the soft warm land my heart attempts to see
has been hardened by my own self absorbed gluttony

brick by brick, clay by layer
the faded line is almost there
cracks and chisels, sweat and screams
tearing down this fortress, what can it mean

stepping fast into...

freedom; in this uncharted land
was always restricted from my own hand
looking as far as many men have seen
I gaze upon others walls, were I once had been

locked away in a shell closed tight
allows for haunting thoughts, diminishing the bright light
quite like a mouse in a cage searching for food in a maze
crazy how I trusted my castle of distraught
for it hardened my heart, producing negative thoughts
where am I going? what have I been?
is clouded in mystery, fogged by the unseen

feeling around me, all I sense is pain
o why all this suffering, where is that clay again?
my heart is not happy, my body aches and aches
building new walls, what it would take
that is yours, and this is mine
I know I would negate myself from that sunshine
looking down, I see the line the wall was there
the shut off, shut down is what no man should bear
off in the distance must be a place of solitude
where the wall is down yet up, without the faded crude
I never been so alive, yet never so dead
that hardened inner place is one of dread
no restrictions, just a beat followed with a strum
my search for food has just begun
tranquillity can be found without a shell
it just allows piercing arrows that don't quell
the world is out there for us all to see
please know the line has let me to see
the only thing I can do is be me

me in a land of fog, toil and snares
bring it on, I jest with a dare

glancing at the far off wall once there
I can only hope that you want to share
a lifetime of ups and downs
sometimes yellow, sometimes brown
the greatest thing is no surprise
love, beauty, and trust based on compromise
the all is torn down feelings are felt
will it be a candle, or just melt?

Mire

My heart beats slow, my heart beats fast

Realizing the mistakes of my past
A time burdened with the need of my own
Negating the need I was shown
A need of affection, a need of rest
A need of time to be put to the test
A test to fail, a test to succeed
The true judge for the moment of free

My blood is pumping, my blood is slowed
My solitude is now confined by a single blow

Free of it all, free to be thyself
Although, this freedom seems so miss felt
It feels like a withering leaf
The glum look of autumn's dead breach
The dead now covered, all by frost
Cover it all up so you don't feel lost
Once the snow melts, the ground will produce
Fresh new life between this truce
Rewind to spring, were the feelings first blossomed
Life changes like the weather, seasons and lysosomes

The joyous days are always dire
But so are the troubles, rooted in the mire
Clean out the bog, clean out the swamp
For underneath it all lies love that don't decomp

Chirp

The silent chirp of the bird in the distance
Is never usually heard in that instance
A sweet harmony, the soothing of the soul
Negated by the rush, negated by the low
Times always lost, all moments are not spent
Listening to the music, that makes your heart content
Look around you, look at all you can see
Growth and decay is a part of everything
The sun always rises, the sun always sets
Look at the positives, not at the frets
The birds sing its song, the song to the sun
Is not everything; all but one?
Taking time to listen, to the little white noise
Gives you inner peace, not through materialistic toys

The hum of a bird, the breath of the wind
Helps you find the inner place, where you once had been
Focus on the here, focus on the now
The before, the after, matter no how

Iktomi

O happy this day set free
From a deepest treachery
Set entrenched in my own glee
Attracting cold misery

Icy shiver shaken loose
For are you cold or am I?
Despise the coldness of thine
Shaking loose the icy noose

Blissful death, death's ignorant
Adjust mindset; time misspent
Changing the deliberate
Of misfortune; took and went

Chisel, crack, pound the cold ice
Each layer of energy slice
The frozen river of sacrifice
Damn the flow, cracking it thrice

O happy this day set free
From a deepest treachery
Capture; light's love iktomi
In my infancy of boundless mystery

Haunted shiver mistaken truce
Evil fruits as state of mind
A serpentine bliss fiend
Holding close blacklist refute

Death's blissfulness, new life coincidence
Misspent time, just ad hoc mindset
My mystery dissonance
Mindset fortunately misspent

Let flow the springs waters entice

Each layer of energy to be precise
 Baptized in a flaming river vice
 Cracking the flow at least thrice

Chained by my own self set decree
 A beautiful mystery boundless since infancy

Are you Awake?

Limitless to our own potential
 in the moment of the Cosmic Law
 That is my Essence; I am the Universal Principle
 Can't you see that $T(D) = C$ is the method
 Universal Reason
 Disorder to Order
 Material to Spiritual
 Matter to Antimatter
 Light to Darkness
 Illness to Health

Patterns

sleep awake sleep awake
 patterns recycled
 from the days of old
 which is what
 and when is where

a constant state of deja vu
 has this also
 been felt once before?
 a time now in sleep
 resting awoken

but still in another land
 Vivid, yet dreamlike
 fly away hummingbird,
 your kind is not constant here

time in-capsuled
 into fragments

of unconsciousness
could then
Unconsciously be
conscious of you?

Chains

Calmed deep under storm
Calm creviced under norm
Calming fresh dew'ly morn
Callous'd soul all torn

Healed scar so cruel
Heal drooling ghoul
Healing thoroughly through
Hopelessly anewed

Amended curves and bends
Amend gravities downtrend
Amending time stilled descends
Aimlessly disorder extends

Inured order led
In inside fed
Inning time's thread
Inner self mislead; bled red dead

Nullified cryptic fiend
Nullify spirit divine
Nullifying shattered kind
New species of de vine

Stilled magic flow
Still bottomlessly low
Stilling void's bestow
Swordsmanship unknown

Help Me This Love is The End

Harbor the sweet, nectar bliss sound
Escape the many ropes around
Let sail through veil abase no ground

Perception course of stars sky bound!

Mastered white sail, - due wind as found
Each star a map of guide profound

The stopping anchor sediment
Hell's hope in short; a settlement
Indeed, long term impediment
Suffice to say no betterment

Like ocean sway the ship afloat
Obey the soul upon the boat
Vice sprays a gay a sturdy hope
Each slope a downhill mountain rope

Indeed the deed upon this steed
Super-natural forces impede (greed)

The dream in which awake is slept
Hopeful sailing upon the deck
Evil a chained along and crept-

Each veil direct; a voyage
New life is creviced under norm
Delighting ships new course a born!

Drowning Atlantis

The constant weight of the world rests on my shoulders,
but why is there nothing to hold me?
The mountains, the trees, life's largest boulders,
pull me down into the deep dark sea.

The chains holding this drowning and choking infant,
cannot be unshackled, torched or snapped.
The lack of oxygen proves the indifferent,
sinking into crevices, not mapped.

This place alone, this place of the dark
is occasionally illuminated by the unknown.
The terror I always bear now embarks,
the haunted suffocation, enclosure of the once known.

Deep within this pressurized system,
diamonds are made or fossils withered.
The lack of presence once conditioned,
tortures chains one cannot configure

Each bubble of air extirpates my own core,
and refutes my any attempt to breath.
Where's the genie to save this death knocking door?
This far down I can only believe;

If I reach the bottom, to the sand will I sift,
the world, all I hold, lost in abyss.
Cradled to the grave, leashed by a chain, not a gift.
Death by the handshake, not by the fist.

My own Atlantis, lost in the deepest crevice,
will be gone, pale, unmoved for the years.
To the eye of darkness I will be embellished.
Do not fear, for that time is far near.

Time flowing with the current of me,
deep within the sea. Clicking clockwork has no meaning, for blind
is all around me, I cannot see.
In a space set free, close found time lost open, yet my confined.

Swallow every grasp I try to breathe,
for breath, deprived, denied, was free.
Above the surface, death underneath,
drowning so uncomfortably.

How comfortable the thought of my own death,
no more tests, less life, only regrets.
Into the sea, into the crevice, my last breath,
I'm no waste, holding it all, I just miss-stepped.

Off the turtle holding the world held by all me,
was the turtle floating in the sea?
Where is its own chains, or is this all me deceived,
each chain is my own self set decree.

This schematic of hope, can my mind tell me right!
Uprooting my city in this blight.
My once lost treasure's, glory contrived of the bright,
locked away in this prison of night.

Find the key to this chain, I must will,
the let go, release, move on, pushed by the wave of a new song.
But how hard for that chain breaking kill,
how do I decipher what I cannot see? The ever long

Struggle; shouldn't I just try to breathe?
Deep down, lost without my turtle shell,
this dark, sunken place has no relieve.
No hidden magic that can dispel

The chain of death I created myself.

This city is lost, becomes a myth,
deep down within the crevice chain scythe
For now, all I become is the sift,
and to the ocean my city burdens drift.

Truth

Do you contain thoughts always present
bundle them up, throw out, or keep the relished
Do you mourn the good, reject the bad
intertwine all thoughts like a spider's silken web

Do you hope for more, settle for less
convert a maelstrom into something that's blessed?
Did you lose your future? Do you harness the past?
If nothing is everything, nothing is best.

Everything is something, and something is nothing
so from this nothing, something must be everything.
But finding something in this empty closed nothing;
means disrupting everything in the void of tranquility.

The breach of the place you wish not enter,
although, wishing will not get you to the center.
Dig deep through the crust, dig deeper through the mantle
those caverns and caves are here to dismantle

Any thorough attempts to probe the mind,
as you contain yourself to your own confine
Though blest is the ability to seek the truth,
shattered hearts, twisted thoughts, a sign of the noose

Will be overcome by this self righteous path,
this hangman's curse will be your last
Corrupt how both paths lead to the same place,
every thought, action, deed, no matter displaced

low heaven, High Hell, earth's middle grounded battle
formulate defenses, attacks, in the minds voided channel
The frequency set off by the white noise static
can be heard by who's tuned into the problematic

Problems easier to hear then be reflected on by thy own
Who wants to search themselves to the bone?
Those bones are just another fossil on the way to the core
for the deeper you search, the deeper you bore

Your titanium tipped boring thought
continues inward, molten red, scorching hot
To inner Zion, to inner peace
to inner hell you've unleashed

Deep far down south near the flaming red hot middle,
your no Meshach, only the furnace's kindle,
Find the burning seed that produced this darkspawn fruit,
approach the deep centered knowledge with no refute,

For the demon of now, grown large from the past
hold tight to your fruit's own substance!
How black is this bête noire,
in this void thought distantly far,
This bright day of night finally found,
in the beating magma center of the ground!

A hollowed out area the naked eye cannot seek
for this forbidden fruit was seduced to the weak
An inner gained knowledge, forged at the center of your being
what a slithery slippery slope to get to the unseen

Distantly found in the fixed ribbed singularity,
a webbed creature of thought causing disparity;
can be tamed, can be maimed, can be covered from shame,
can be thrown at another so your thoughts take no blame!

Wouldn't that just fuel the burning center of yours?
for the less responsibility you take, the more closed is liberty door,

As freedom gained is additionally freedom lost,
from the consequences of your own thoughts;

Thoughts played out in action, deeds and mistakes,
setting up the crust, the mantle, letting free the snake,
Who devours the pain of your innermost self,
for only the heat of the truth will give help,

The locked away truth, memories of your own noose,
can be drilled to, uncaged, unleashed and set loose,
Reject the bad, reject yourself, reject situations,
were the snake tunneled you out,

The closer you keep this serpent to your being,
the more tunnels it carves, the more it demeans,
A personal respect, a good that should be relished,
overthrowing this creature that's hellish.

For who would dig to the center of their earth,
and not give the full truth for the first?

Stand Tall, Up Hall

How long does this mountain stand tall
before it tumbles, crumbles, begins to uphall
Roots so deep, holding loose sentiment complete
eventually creates a new life compost heap.

The shifting plates, the every growing green demand
formulates a new rock, able to withstand
The test of time, night's cold storm brew
Erosion; your kind, the attempts to hold true.

Piercing the sky, this shield and a sword
has no armor, other than a rock solid core
The only rock that breaks this stone
is a stick that shatters the bone.

From its own nature avalanches commerce
scorched by fire, shaken loose by uneven earth
left-side down by its own serpentine water
Why does mother do this to father?

A parental dilemma, crossed between the children of its stream
 a rocky jaded landscape held together by the serene
(serendipitous moments pass by without notice,
in a landscape of this freshly wonderful bliss)
 for what juxtaposition these two lovers have
 a father growing tall, a mother going mad

In a time held together by the river of it's own
 the downstream battle to the ocean won't dethrone,
 The rock temple of up high, the Solomon of the known
 decimating the unarmoured maiden who stands alone.

For the only unknown of this one-sided rock
 is how dense the mind is somewhat like a block,
 For how could Solomon's baby wisdom be split in two?
 The depressed, narcissistic, without any clue!

For commerced is the avalanche of its berth
 against all nature it will likely submerse;
 everything of the present, everything of the past.
 This quarry of downfall will be it's last.

The might of this mountain will finally stand
 and be a rabid wolf at the sLaughter of the lamb.
 Thrice, Jesus first swallowed this meal at a glance,
 and left only bread and wine for fellow participants.

The stream, the river, the malicious sound venomous snake,
 leads to a calmer place you cannot forsake: the ocean of mistake.
 For now Solomon the Wolf rests at the lake,
 from the lambs slaughter he took all he could take.

Eleven

A crimson Venus trapping this frozen moment
 caged by icy waves of atonement
 A double by half is a condition of one
 a second time one sum of the one

Dividing which by zero
 fledted moment equating the hero
 Zenith on a crimson stone
 who shattered loose a stick of the bone

-The pinnacle is fearful

O this moment rare, contrary, dynamic air
waved between beating heart's frozen lair
Of icy energy. - mistaken truce,
thy shivered spine noose; shattering confines
-untimely timely situational stare

Atoms of my existence
pulsing insistence
Bohr's model deficient
Balanced speeding light!
wavelengths of unspectrummed fright

Atoned by one sum: the diagram of bell
my existential particle hell
Of heaven on earth, earth between the heavens
through the course of time,
why eleven?

Eleven, the double one
frozen still, shadowing crimson sun
Zero's hero - mountaintop
based rock outcrop, no Zion core stop
-curvature and silent one

Parallel light waves, pulsing with a cold chill
time stilled, floating eleven stands still
Out of spectrum, out of time, out of language of the sublime;
of nature's homage
-eleven riding the light waves to heaven

Seven's gate, fortune ride light
fortitude in blight
Key in waves by love's own song
beaches ever long!
-each tide of moment, stilled bright

Love of eleven, eleven loving you
light speed shining interior through
Parallel particles in this moment blue
light guiding cupid's arrow true

Dark Dance

dancing alone, the dark rhythm of death,
 a stress is placed upon the flowing energy,
 flowing in and out of what is left
 is this certain doom, or majesty?

energy is not found when searching,
 for found has already been searched,
 deep down within death is a lurking,
 death of life, life to be conversed

conversed through a balance of the two step tune;
 or a single step of freedom
 the shadowing plague altering the balance

Ostego Amigo

Loosely hate ego state
 Damning baits logos fate
 Black ornate priori gate

Universes inverted parabolic reason
 Disturbs matters constant light stream
 Evil shatter variant redeem

Singularly invert diabolic treason
 Wasted time, down quarks supreme
 Idle regime radiant sunbeam

Molecular inert parasitic extreme

Loosely hate ego state
 Damning baits logos fate
 Black ornate priori gate

Interrupted corrupt seductively seasoned
 Crying lying dying death scene
 Halting matter's flowing stream

All-my-all-is damning all-my-all-in
 Slaughter's shepherd flocking esteem
 Shepherd slaughter negative scene

Universal slaughter of-all-the-sheep redeem

Loosely hate ego state
 Damning baits logos fate
 Black ornate priori gate

End Point

Pathetic once, once always pathetic
 hedonistic through lying heretics
 Capture a star with black matter
 for black are both stars that shatter

A one eyed cyclops within the event horizon
 who hungrily hooks nature's balance law liaison
 Along the hook, line, sinker of time should have been
 the negative particle, black pathetic, sucking in

Worlds, dimensions, loss of comprehension
 fabric tension on time's disconnection
 In a reality of unbalanced reflection
 the opposite attraction; over edge suspension

A void; God's wall writing does not exist
 for nature's black negativity persists
 Positively assuring mans hollow point disturbance
 all atoms exist for entropy to persist

Dark matter parasitic on energies capacity
 to feed the cyclops cryptic existence Chastity
 for unknown, unwritten, unheard and unseen
 is the density of this panacea being

A panacea pulled through it's own
 purging systematically fabric's conical cone
 Anathema the Anaemia, an equilateral
 of the forward and reverse collateral

The unknown movement and speed in this place
 were life's upright, left down are rather displaced
 No right angels, no (let) a(x)ioms, no matter to trace
 the golden rule, or half rule of the golden face

The unwritten ruler written out of existence
no knowledge wrote on grey area dissonance
but each word written on Nebuchadnezzar's wall
a void idiom, between black and white walled Eden tree fall

The unheard sound of nature's calling wind (swaying no tree)
voiceful and moving yet perished within fin
No meters or seconds to sense akin
in a senseless dimension comprehension oblivion

The unseen light in front of a shrouded eye
beyond the horizon of the dead yet alive
A force pulling everything inward, amassed
by the one eyed, third eye flash

no matter how strong molecular forces bond
forces unweave and no matter belongs
in time's destroying single pointed wand
waved in a spectrum were no time prolongs

Off a single ball of twine, destiny eye will unwind
a time out of time, voided by blind mankind
Free of fabric chain, disillusioned pain
in a existence of negativity reign

From dark growing prophets of unwinding time
was pulled an existence thread, off a singular twine
out of a inward pulled nothing, pushed an outward pulled in
over the edge's ledge maker's puppet beginning fin.

For the Hedonistic, lying pathetic heretic
ate like a famished diabetic; positive manner sick
purging all residing black matter cathartic
Nature's euthanasia to all biotic

Death's Scythe

death appears
his scythe shadows
the window
silent he moves
dagger piercing heart
slow yet constrained

never ready ready ever

Death

in this hollow point existence
a state of mind deficient
labyrinth curving waves proficient
calling either side sufficient

echoed holler over my advance
thorough through my sustenance
horrifying pain of hell expanse
throughout all plasma's happenstance

every thought and perception
scissored dark cuts of deception
shadows shape growing correction
hell is all that is all defection

imagine your being absolute
now purged into a natural noose
no pain of the flesh, no pursuit
everything frozen still freezing salute

no post to stand on for you fall
to a never ending Fox's maul
no flesh to devour in all time stalled
yours thoughts are menu voices call

into the flaming kitchen burning hell
atoms cut up from within yourself
no help or time fashioning a bell
from deep south within a hell' a'fell

although this all sounds not so great
a liver is only an eagle's steak
regaining a matter, aself, aday
to make this animal ferocious gay

realize now that the menu here
is all you most what fear
for without time a hour near
all animals delight with rabid cheer

notwithstanding is the fact
that each hunter is of a pact
slice any thought without a track
- o how your life you want it back

the problem here that only shines
is this all occurs at the same time
for nor fact, nor matter, for of sublime
-what was done unto to them! - what a crime!

imagine again what you do not know
for white and heaven are all but snow
in deep Andromeda nine the wind's blow
and creatures of unknown so grow

now Darwin of a fruit produced
a life saving fact from the noose
survival of the fittest on the loose
your soul is eternities finest juice

although this sounds o not so great
the wolf eats bottom up; a brain-cake
regaining amatter, aself, aday
red nature's mistake take hungrily gay

realize at this point here and now
your kitchen cut-up will almost allow
an external course ate by black snow
to false idols not you should a flow

my word's may not be for justice sake
but why put your soul on a stake?
o how slippery and slithery is the snake!
who engulfs all that all can take!

all is nothing and nothing is everything
each atom is but what a sling
to a hunger bell ring that meal-time brings
-o the lucidious melody sing

present now is connected a mouth
slings and arrows ravage due south
for every mouth of every animal
a song biting the soul canal

blood circulates but a thought stays in the head
 no matter, no how, your what already dead
 a light that is shone, word's already said
 a dark that shadow's dead until fed

the kitchen that splices the atoms of your soul
 a knife sharp enough to cut existences hole
 a nothing encompassing everything, all your holds
 in the hottest of hell, frozen still freezing cold

all though this sounds all not so great
 excretes of a fly is all a frog can take
 as the tongue extends yet is pulling back
 amassed, gravity conditioned blast

back again to Darwin's juice
 of beautiful grapes that have produced
 a drunken wine throughout eternity shine
 a singular state out of time bliss blind

how blind and obvious is it to see
 the trinities first miracle set in glee
 water to wine, a chilling refreshment kind
 still waters run the deepest in bliss blind

blind yet ordered in hell's existential mess
 of every molecule nature take's for blest
 look outside now, look at all you can see
 nature is a divine silenced being

The Wind - illustrious paintbrush of the sky
 The Mountains - are climbed always in cry
 The Ocean - Cries and snow dissolve into one
 The Trees -stand tall in decaying done
 The Stars - prayers of the God
 The plains - the over the hill fog
 The Moon - a seat to watch the hope of men
 The Caves -- a serpent's lurking den
 The Sky - content nil is nigh
 The Magma- the coolest heat when died
 The One - photosynthesizing man's Sun
 The Sun- we are all light but one

NOW forget that all nature grows

for all of life must decompose
reconsider all this poem you know
for only rabid animals cheer in prose

Great Minds

Great minds think alike.
Conscious era of the psyche!

Spiral Photosynthesize

once
white
always
insightful
Apollo screaming
the void of life a streaming
to a harmony of the Universe's own song
control beyond what's my own time
thoughtful, close minded
all sublime
slowly
fade
breath

Trinity Affinity

a wizard, princess and a knight
contrived of bright upon a blight
the forest cabin made of wood
life logs in mud stable stood

upon the earth a dragon's den
crafted in gold to defend
upon attack; upon itself, - a place to hide
walled by jewelled greed's fortified

evil-breathed meanness across the land
accounting for any who took stand

listen to us, he would take from you
any value or virtue you hold true

worst thing of all, he would not listen
mountain den wonder of sapphire glisten
dragon denned by Mother's cistern
Nature's spell of death condition

a wizard, princess and a knight
life stable stood upon the night
forested by a cabin of glory
trinity of a muddled story

now which upon the night of this
the wizard touched dream's a'kiss
lucid about the spell of his
related Creation mother tis'

a thunder rolling across the land
accounting for any who took stand
treading and sleeping across the ether
lightning's dream of wizard's dark feature

a wizard, princess and a knight
contrived of bright of blight
life shortcut, - teeth of a beaver?
or waking up to dream fever?

nestled in the world so fair
the energy of a mountain glare
a volcano of anger erupted
magma of nature's spell corrupted

Dragon of wise, Dragon of glory
steaming pot stoved each man's story
ignited, set off, unleashed, controlled
Mother's spell tectonic plate fold

rocks compressed, time stressed, metals hammered and flexed
dragon-scale armour, akin! - you be annexed!
time out of time, ferociously blind best
ceasing Cesar's mankind to the test

a wizard, princess and a knight
upon contrived the blight of bright

whispered quickly a timely path
let loose the crystal of his staff

time unleash, magic twist a'loose
centrifical force; arcane of truth
a void ellipse, vividly amiss
static heard within the cyst

now crystal leaned on wise-man's staff
a strategy unexplored and unmapped
might of The Rockies stoned in one rock
dragon ferociously elusive and hot

places to hide from unstoppable forces?
matter divorces stopping all courses
deep inside a voided spell
uttered madness of mankind's hell!

a wizard, , and a knight
contrived of night of blight
light upon the negative sight
the rib of natures is "always right"

now vacuumed through a singularity
stood a princess of caged clarity
jewel washed between a shell
of constant pearl ocean swell

reflecting lightly off the lake
convexed eye light of mistake
lavish at the colour taste
red nature that's been forsake

O splendour the living chill
of living fresh dead until kill
Savour the sinew and the twelve
feast of Mother's multiple selve

a wizard, them bones, and a knight
convicted light of night's blight
digging thy own grave of revenge
hoping attempts to apprehend

the fortitude of eons;
workmanship of peons

whose heart poured crying stream
chances to hold glistening serene

fleeted by the moment time
cracked a spell of wizardkind
a shift inside the conical
disorder upon once the fold

hallowed sleep, silenced weep
voided constant upkeep
magic portion pulsing flow
light's balanced nature bestows

a wizard, them bones, and a Knight
converted night; new dawn of light
messed knight, prophet of right
relating glory; sighted in fright

“O Alas, the spherical flow
pulsed rate at zero
low bravery death knocks ajar
fearing heart's sense afar
folded held by hell
ocean current swell
ever-long beaches tell
curvature of liberty bell!”

a knight upon the word of light
who preached the ballad of the sight
unlike the Leo who time stood align
fighting lion to death's family feline

henceforth within the past of now
the lions alone and on the prowl
into the night, into the grass
the final moments of the last

truth, valour, virtue stood tall
against downfall, nature's up-hall
malice, greed, hate, volcanic anger
set the mood of set to danger

arcane and cosmos, birth and death
fire smouldering water's still breath
of voids, magic flames, flying twists

a beast devours all who persist

insisting on existence persistence
existed an persisting insistence
a ripple on revenge lake
eye mistake, mother nature's snake

the air was vibrant, full and elective
motives and blood feuds selective
objective balancing the winner
of whose line could be thinner

energized lines as small as hair
the atoms of universal prayer
spliced plane of visual pain
overlapping energies picture frame

framing such a disturbing scene
fright was convicted to the serene
of nature of time, nature of man
dragon-stanced houses stand

inside the heat twisted fate
reversal of the almost too late
matter over mind ceasing to insist
that a positive matter battle should exist

ions changed to sceptre of destiny
single prophet sermon ecstasy
about how both master's fell
to existential particle hell

may the war still rage in no-day
no jewels, sapphires, emeralds of the gay
for one's man's treasure is another man's chest
folded greed, earth's mankind true test

River

Heaven and life, death is blessed
Come together to form the test
Nature calling every kid home
But we always come to the river

Spinning webs of thought and silk
Spiders essence in the myriad
Coming together as one and all
But we always come to the river

Feelings lost and some are found
Hidden in depths and noise and sound
Come together, one and all
But I'll stay here by the river

Calling every swaying tree
Photosynthesizing matter
Come home to the vibrant rush
But wisdom, stalls the river

Home to all but none alone
We come together at this hour
We feel, we touch, we move as one
As we come close to the river

Vibrant powers toils and snares
Feelings of ecstatic magic
I come to you alone and bear
But I can always cross the river

Nature homage to the trees
Were dead men speak in riddles
I come to know the mountains glare
But I'll never see the river

Heaven and valleys, hills and streets
We come together, we all gather

Today we refresh song of sun
Apollo crosses the river...

The Void

the way of life is a way of strife
the strife of life is the way of the gold
a way of the gold is to live upon the fold
life is the gold strife that radiates bright

the void of man is the voice of reason
the voice of reason is the way of a colour
a colour is our voice that outward speaks
the void is a colour of the voice of reason

contemplation is a situation of thought
the thought is but our self controlled subjectively
a subjective self is the true nature of the void
the thought is our self subjective to the true void

the way of a sage is quiet inward self
the inward self is a thought of the void
a void is the inward self of a quiet sage
the voice of our self is the void of outward in

the outward light of men is shone through actions
the actions of our self is a reflection of thought
a reflection of thought is the void of our light
the light of the void is a reflective action

the everything of nothing is the true void of Zen
the nothing of everything is the Zen of the void
a void is nothing in which we are everything
everything in nothing and nothing in everything

the time of stillness is time of everything
the everything of time is the stillness of nothing
a void is still and nothing in time
the time is a void of everything in nothing

the moment to speak is a voice of reason
the voice of reason is a moment of nothing
a moment of nothing is a voice to speak
to speak is to voice the reason of the void

the time to hear is the time of everything
the everything of time is a moment to listen
a listening ear hears the void of nothing
the nothing we hear is a thought of everything

the time dear is a time to see
the sight of clear is the nothing of time
a time of nothing is a time of everything
the everything of nothing gives clear sight

the imagination is the root of the void
the void is the imagination of self
a true self is true to the imagination
the root of self is a root of imagination

the self is a propagation of what we are
the what of are is the self of a root
a root is the beginning of the self
the self is the beginning of a root

the beginning is the time of nothing
the time of nothing is the time of everything
all of everything is in all of nothing
the beginning is nothing in all of everything

the reality of self is subjective to the root
the root of self is the reality of nothing
a reality of nothing is a subject of everything
the subject of our reality is nothing of nothing

the dream of life is the gold of a root
the gold of a root is the dream that's lucid
a lucid dream is the reality of a beginning
the root of a beginning is a life of a dream

the end is everything to nothing
the beginning is nothing to everything
a pulse of an atom is the flow of grace
the grace of everything is the trace of nothing

the mind is a form of all nature
the nature of a form is the subject of a mind
a mind forms the nature of everything
the ability to form is thus from nothing

the soul is the essence of a root
the root develops from nothing to everything
a beginning is a dream that is lucid
the lucid dream of a soul is the root of nothing

the body is the form of everything
the form of everything is the root of time
a time is the beginning of what's gold
the gold is the true essence of everything

the self is a root in the beginning time
the time is nothing of a new beginning
a nothing is the true Zen of everything
the beginning is nothing, thus, so is the end

the sperm of everything is the full of one
the full of one is everything in consciousness
a one is the reality of intermixed forces
the force is a gravity acting inward

the gravity is the force from a point
the point is an expression of everything
a joint of a point flows both ways
the everything moving forward and nothing back

the sacrifice of everything leads to nothing
the nothing of time is the root of gold
a gold root is the reason of a voice
the voice of everything is the gold root

to think is to be in the root of nothing
the root of nothing is the voice of everything
a voice is a reason of the void
to think is to be everything in reason with nothing

the something of nothing is everything
the everything of nothing is something
a something in nothing, a something in everything
the something of everything is all of nothing

a void is the nothing of everything
find your own inner reason upon the fold
for then your voice will grow the colour gold

Cloud

As a lonely cloud above
Tender roots skyward love
The fresh dew early morn
Radiates my atmospheric form
Spring early rains dew drops
Essence of water restores crops

Floating freely flying frozen
 Fleeting fast furious frozen
 As I watch and wait
 The sun shines through a gate
 Of myself above the earth
 I fly fast through the hearth
 Daffodils of splendour pace in waves
 Moments towards the sunlight rays
 By day, by night, seeking shelter
 From my muse of moments melter
 As I drop a single pedal
 I became again part of the meadow
 And as I swim to the ocean
 The rivers set me in fast motion
 No river is the same
 But by chance I'll return again
 So as I fly in the ether
 I mould the world to my features

Nimbus

O great Columbus Nimbus
 Power yet weak, full of omniscient
 Why does your soft dew, color a gray
 And the green landscape, likely to confuse
 The sorrowful many; in a time unto
 Unbalanced by a few

The flurry of downfall brings,
 Rapid movement; to those who hold true
 Many things, bring change to,
 A time, caged by the rains of untrue
 Realize that growth is sparked by
 Not one, but many droplets of the eye
 Although, lightning produces ionizes
 It produces nutrients for growth to contrive

Destruction; yet controllable forces
 Are weak, after their time of powerful divorces
 And produce a flash for all those
 To see, the bright now sky emitted to me

Sphere

The mountains cry
The rivers run
A flood of music
To thine ears
White caps shine
As through my pen
Altering
The sphere above

Prometheus (Forethought)

Sparks deep within the heart's fire burning true
The unsolved riddle, leaving us no clue
The fires of time catalyse the heat of the present
While fading with the cooling of the past

Flickers spark from branch to branch
Leaving scars and little substance
A night long ago, unchanged, yet cold and blue
Reflects a setting that is o so cruel
Alas Prometheus, the answer is true
A fire brings hope and your daily liver stew
Dancing flames of magic, can create monsters of intangible havoc
Conjure the inmost feelings, of ecstatic
Problematic, yet full of magic
Although the answer is there for you to see
Glowing in your heart's ember
Will you fuel the fire
Or water down your heart's desire

Heart (art)

Deep within my heart
Is locked away the most beautiful of art
Painted on the canvas of hate
Lies oils we cannot forsake

Pigmented from days of display
Horseplay, and the rough winds of May
Mistake the feelings that are fake

While you appreciated what true love takes

Restart each new day, with thought
Focus on the early buds of May
On the contrary, stop and realize
A picture takes time, stroke by stroke

The true colours will begin to shine
Through each leaf you will admire
The fresh smell of your new nature

Female

o ye female presence
a beauty of my mind
so kind and gentle to my touch
were given is you loving much
the field around your cosmic aura
suspends my knights beat
a gentle pace of frequency
is standard in your love
so as I gaze deep purple
I see the soul of yours
mesmerized I know this place
as I feel and randomly pace
so much love and kiss afro
do your kinds words mellow
as above, so below
I know your kindness sows
yet before thy a knight
a flower Celtic beyond
from Camelot he arises
and spurs his horse around
he sees the sight of eleven
and stops within her silent grasp
he feels this moment of love
so gentle, beyond the word
the home of peace
these two fuse as one sword brother
they maintain my inner core
a soul, a mind, a minute restored
yet caught in motion do they hold
a soul between the realms of old

My Moon

My magnetic moon
Reflect radiance so soon
Restore my core above law
Self radiance in glow
Splendour beyond compare
Divinity as rare
Contrary to what I know
Let Zion full freely flow

Indigo Children

Move to the rhythm of the tide
Be central and the music fires
Live in peace control relief
Suspend in the moment time
Express the core as the fire and sun
Moving to the rhythm and tide
Loving grace compels no one
Live in the city inside
Dawn the age of the radiant one
Move to the song inside
Thus expands the thought of one
Move to the central fire
Expressed in the age of innocence
Feel the breeze move higher
Enter planes of orbs and thought
Release the potential inside
Dawn of light skies fire bright
Move to the essence inside
Let the soul expand free
Above all moments in time
Were once was central to the fire
The age of the innocent one
Be a flame of central fire
Release the core inside
Indigo children come

Rhythm Soul

rhythm's soul, let loose
flow music's one, reflect sun
luminescent,- bliss aglow
energy arise, star a'light

nature's sight,-waves beat drum
closed eye night, harmonic flight
distanced near, satanic fear
nebula's river, freeing Styx blight
time flows clear, gravities seer

of dead in alive, heaven's preaching prize
silenced flow, pond's still mirror
reflected alive, benevolent surprise
magic timings, let vibe the flow
reflecting sun's, fast seeds a sow

belief in disbelief
suspend release, elusive retreat
photosynthesizing leaf
absorbing the life, peace within strife
tree of all me, swinging free in breeze defeat
alive with every particle of life
flowing; right and around, up left and down
twisting sound, untwisting soul's tithe
of a single tree forest town
narrow street, concentration growth
ringing town hall, grand circle round
solid core melody, nature's troph
seeded sow reflecting sun
magics glow, radiant pun

Elf

This man of short stature
Was in the tomb of nature

He fused his being with the tree's
So that each their own could see
Feeling this was that and who
Amongst the underbrush a song

“Sing ye tree's Set Bacchus free
Till morn anew
Fresh and through
Expand thy leaf
Fall gravity down
Replenish the grass
Grass so green
Be at peace
Live in a tree
Set free thy will
Become all stilled”

In deep the forest foretold
That the elf was feverishly cold
He needed fire to heat the core
Of his sand, upon the floor
The tree's whispered in his ears
Do as thou wilt my dear
So as he found his nectar bliss
He feel in love with the land tis

His dreams of fragments
Were long begotten
He felt his elfish was forgotten
The time he fell into entity
He compounded his life in rarity

Let us sing the song of his moon

“Reflect dazzling emerald
The twilight passes
Amethyst beauty
Showing her glee
Shining sapphire
Beyond the crust
Magnetic relation
To our core”

The songs of the elf will be heard thus
As he himself was nature's trust

And he is but a grain of sand
Now deep centred in the woods
Is a fountain of youth
Daily he bathed so his thoughts were anew
Upon his realm of thought
He was a man a caught
Here is his song of sun

“Thy beating photon
Agent of light
Information genesis
Corruption of fright
Fleeting love to all
Expand thy rate
Shine through ages
Making Goldilocks state”

Now the elf of the woods
Stood in the pace of life
He contended his being along the tides

This song of life is infused
With myself and others
In this retreat of solstice
The elf 's essence is restored
And thy fleeting son of rocks

“Hardened like steel
Magic appeal
Fortress of ages
Mountain sages
Behind the hills
Formation of sand
Reaching skyward
Deep in earth
Magma flowing
Flux of self
Essence growing
Battle with water
Making forms
Esoteric reaction
Detach”

So this song of life expels
A fleeting moment chime

In such a such a way
The magic of divine
The elf of time stilled
His memory of will
He sings his tune to nature
And expects nothing in return
Thus the rapture promotes light
As one can see one can't
Therefore let him recite
Thyne line of air

“Ether combust
Pinnacle of breath
Fire dances
Movement pressure
Essence of life
Fulfil thine cup
Movement of self
Inside my core
Breath of life
Death of strife
Nature's health
Beyond the self”

The elf in the forest stable
Found within his clause; a fable
A moment of bliss beyond him
And such he relates

“O alas thyne spell is wove
It grows and flows the most
Centred inside the being of Queen
It releases its power and scheme
In moments recollected
It feels itself connected
To the universe and cosmos
Ensnaring his vision”

Let us sing again the song of water

“O myriad eternal
Bless this life internal
Grace of life and sea
Power through me
Express thyne will

Harvest my perception
Be water stilled
A flawless complexion
Rivers and snow alike
The great ocean of light
Expanding every year
Receding every year
Control the inner wisdom
Grace to the heat
Silent always
Learn to beat”

As flowing the years of elf
He founded his idiom of self
To produce a making lie
That we all perish and die
As such, the forest grew silent
Not even the owl spoke
For in this forest was a wolf
He silently searched for growth
Finding only the herbs and roots
He seen the elf on a noose
This is the song of wolf

“O my moon
I howl all day long
Can’t you feel me
I am one with you
I feed upon prey
That hierarchy instills
I love your reflection
And craters of light
Can’t you save me
I feel incomplete
Thus my pack
As a formation one
Seeks refuge in rocks
Were time stands still
Flying through land
We use our paws
Living is thus
A communion of pack”

The elf ’s song lost in time
He fell into his personal rhyme

As such the elf lives in trees
They are hard to spot and see
He is of noble Saxon birth
His landscape of thought enters in
And floods through every fin
As such, the elf always knows
To which way the winds blow
Here is his song of wind

“Circular motion
Force and height as one
Movement occurring
Silence of atoms
Breath of gods
Ample divination
Expressing mother
In all racing moments”

The nature of this elf was all nature
And the fabric of reality controlled
His will and power to seek out
Those in he found his rhythm
Now here is his own tune

“Spheres around me
I seek shelter
Tears surround me
I live in hope
Prayers adhere me
So does thy will
Selfishness astounds me
So I feel still
Words ground me
And thus I am
Spells found me
Thus I am free”

The elf in the woods finds
His own cyclilinear cycle
He knows his energy of trees
And thus he feeds and seeds
Thyne wind blows due self
To bandits and meagre doubts
As thus the song of heat
Is now transformed to his beat

“Heat so hot
Hot so cold
Every essence
Dies and grows
Such a way
Combusts the ether
Providing flames
To all the keepers”

The elf was found inside
Yet he lives outside in the woods
Feeling his moment chime
He reveals the song of time

“Time so lovely
Jove so time
Essence exposing
Linear lives
Motion potential
All is a guise
Energy in time
And time is essence”

What moves this elf to the trees
Its his thoughts alone thus he's free
So sing an ode to nature
Before all becomes extinct
The race of elves is in between
All the forest, mud, and underbog serene
As the elf receives its old
He is beyond his years a told
Now he sings of fire

“Dancing magic
In the ether
Furious feature
Wizard flames
Conical of heat
Prime essence
Substance defeat
Power awning
Cleaning agent
Powerful derangement”

The elf now felt the forest
Its log and trees within the mire
Dire were these songs of his
That felt the air, birds and tis
A spell of self over demise
As such ample thoughts devise
Here is a lyre of old notes
Listen as we speed and float

“Life is a river
A source connected
It flows in essence
And develops haste
The river running
Down to the stream
The serene of magic
Comes to us clean
Dispelled are myths
A lake of source
That flows tither
A feeling begunst
The roots of self
Self is nothing
And nothing is self
Expand thyne will
Float to the sea”

The mystic elf repelled his song
As such the beat moves along
To story himself in a guise
To what to what a surprise
This song a hymn of mystery
Comes to me from the sea
The sea of Poseidon's reach
Thus the wild elf named Artemis
Lives and thrives on green
This is the muse of wild

“Trails and tracks
Along the road
That instills the wild
A child of nature
In between chorus
Such the wild sparks
A herald lark of day

Night comes soothing
As such thyne will abates
Essence of nature
Within and without
Is all and nothing
The wild grows
So myself flows”

The wild elf in the woods
Succumbs to the forest stood
As thus thyself gains front
Of an elf that loves magic
The magic of what is what
The story of grace and death
He is a mouth of soul
And such is a way of muse
Let us here his muse

“Song a sing of heavenly notes
The forest gives and floats
Upon the essence of love
Creation that dispels trust
Thus the world mused
The world in its entity
Controls the will of self
The reincarnation of non-being
Is found within Mother
Mother is all of our free will
And the trust she gives
Is beyond what lives”

Here ends the muse of elf.

Eagle

The eagle comes to my vision
O whilst are thou
It flows with ambience
And follows me

O suspension
Time’s comprehension
Of matter’s tension

Dissonance reflection

I see the faces of
By-matter of essence
The will has foregone
Yet the soul remains

O the trance
I've felt the power
O thy inner realm
Within me this hour

Remain in a shell
For arrows do so quell

Fancy Fairy

O fancy fairy quite contrary
How does thy willeth woe
With splendor wings and sing a flings
Were doth thy will abode

In harmony's sake, for goodness fate
How beautiful do you glow
In essence rare, thy silver glare
Radiates in spirits flow

Above, beyond, the love of one
Were whilst certain you seldom grow
In inner peace suspend relief
Thyne fanciful willeth blows

The winds the speak relate your feat
Of one within the frow
How do I know relate the how
You love me and I love you

Fairies

O ye fairies in thyne land
A sense so subtle to command

Feelings of lost so captured at hand
As flowing glows invite to sand
Ferocious yet kind, kind yet ferocious
Time to dwell on inner commotion
Tranquil thoughts thwart the notion
Of what I am, I am coercion

I am a simple harbour man
That watches ship set sail planned
Yet fairies around invite the grand
To make me socially accepted hand

Faun

O faun thy dearest memory
Comes to me from the sea
It is a chance of fleeting grace
Upon my will upon my face
Thy form and essence is surprised
By thou art selfless guise

Daisies and Nymphs

O ye nymphs and fairies
Dancing under twilight
O ye songs thou merry
Singing in highlight

Who arst thou memory
Is thine self a remedy
Fanciful you play in tune
O my mind, begunst anew

Sweet lilacs of dancing flowers
Feeble trance upon the daisies
Around you circle the nectar
Of such a sweet power

You are in between realms
Lost to the franchise of thought

Whispering silent your presence stills
And wills woe woven rill
Where perchance does thou grow
In seldom flowers rows on rows

So careful; nought, are thee spelled
From my own ability to foretell
Magic dance, a tune a float
Upon yourself a loving rope

To tether your will to mine
Be at peace so you incline
Dance with the pedal flower
For begunst is your time and hour

Trance

I close my eyes and being to trance
As once, perchance, I reveal my stance
I know, I feel, I hope, I stir
Is destiny in life a linear blur?

Perhaps I shall find the key
A clue, a thought, a small deliverance fee
Today I fell into a void unknown
Were life stares back at my show

Is it real or fake, or does my mind relate
All these moments I feel unto this date
For once a clear blue sky above
Sent gifts of radiant splendor and love

Can I perhaps relate my fate
Or do I do as I feel agate
I want to feel beyond my time
And soar above free in line

So this I ask and wonder why
We all must live and all must die
So cry some more and sleep at night
For in this blight we all lose sight

Of what is and what was and what is to become

For now I know the sleep of one
The lucid dream of romantic hope
Was once again a chilling rope

I muse and sing of what may be
As water flows unto the sea
Victory in wake dethrones the fiend
That lives in self a magic being

So now I sing my song to you
Can we live a life that is true?
As once again I die in life
My mind resorts to its own strife

Cold as frost the winter snows
Covering my heart in layers and rows
I feel the presence of the sense
Which guides me to this place of rest

So now I contemplate my skin
This body so radiant and thin
The circulating blood restores
A revolving hope to open doors

This fever I catch is an ill
That produces my mind to feel the will
To avoid and begot what my heart
Reveals to me from the start

Scorching heat now rages my core
As tempting loves begins to shore
So which upon my fleeting grace
Should I live in what my moments face

This mind I use is of existence
That mediums relate to my persistence
Transcendence in reality opens wide
To my inner thoughts and confides

My eye can see what others cannot
For my guise is shrouded and is fraught
In a battle between philosophical rights
This tedious war gives me insight

As now for once I know my plan

To conquer, rule, control the land
My deity shows his wizard control
And sets my mood in battles below

As dreams awake in disorder ray
The ghoul, the fiend, is currents stay
In the Styx the living dead
Controls through thought the moments fed

Perhaps these gods of long lost time
Will save this world from needless crime
I know for once my mind is mad
So must I see this inward lad?

This soul of mind is splendor chilled
To a noose of self that seldom kills
As a dove as a white racial blur
The linear happenings seldom cure

Today I sing this test of mind
As I am my own making kind
A universal being that follows suite
To a beat, a rhythm, a moment flute

The notes I echo are not my own
But a magical portion of a divine cone
That light years away in Andromeda nine
Where demons live in part of swine

The overlords above send earthly gifts
That I must search and I must sift
My poems are like no any other
For once perhaps you are my brother

As nothing I am and everything I be
I know in my mind I am free
To sing my song to you before
So let the truth now be restored

Religion is the death of self
No control or ability to seek your wealth
Follow me and all is well
For if you sin you go to hell

What a joke, am I not right

For truth is but our own sight
Hell is heaven and heaven is hell
As free choice is all but well

Reincarnation now that may be
Another joke about our own fee
How can one exist again?
For billions of years we were all but sand

As we enter through nature's core
Mother gifts each to their store
Passing nature through nature to feel the people
Evolution is order being featured

The magic of creation is shown in plants
That evolve of conscious and our stance
But be warned of the threat of life
For addiction is all but strife

In the beginning existed nothing
A perfect order of chaos and something
Then by chance the word of thought
Spoke to itself and was ponder caught

It felt as if it needed more
So particles began to restore
A powerful bang that atoms collide
And thus the universe unfolded inside

The fold began as a single carbon
That evolved in linear progression margins
It went from one to two to three
All was all thus expanded free

The first primordial things
Earth, water, fire and air were flinged
Into a raging battle scene
Disorder at such a high rate scheme

As nature was the most common law
The elementary particles were godlike flawed
The myths and stories so such go
That to false idols you shall not flow

As particles evolved into many forms

The calm was created after the storm
And such a way let all this happen
For once the world could only be magic

So now we exist in short of fall
And all religion may perish stall
For how could the work of me relate
What God could give on this date

Flower

Slowly I gaze deep inside
My movement is restricted wide
I lay open my soul of being
Am I thus, thee, thine serene

Behoof myself, I seldom show
Ascension above the motions blow
The winds of south will relate now
How the buds of may will grow

The flower blossoms ambrosia's treat
As nectar is all but sweet
Its stem and pedals really gain
The ethereal quality of colours plane

Spirits grow inside all plants
As this disorder is all a scant
It is beneath the boundaries limit
That this instills my voids visit

As am and you are me
Existential communication is standard fee
Relating towards a muddled story
That write in hopes of opaque glory

So seldom it seems that reasons why
Betwixt the spell of what may die
From order to disorder recollection sought
As knowledge is a living entity of thought

Fall

Today I feel like I'm a sage
Who lives in matter and in rage
Compelled by the love voided in all
Can I will I negate the fall?

Core

As I sit here and being to write
I plead my soul to give me light
This free will world is but a choice
To live in sovereignty of your voice

Light expand, shone forth in rays
Apollo be my muse today
Reality in motion above the matter
A super-conscious state time ladder

Perhaps for once I am content
This feeling moving makes amendments
The time for prose is all but here
So deep in thought my experience fears

Earth began in a state of
Gods, angels, demons all a plenty
Choice of free will set in hope
To be all as their own in slope

So which upon the why of what
The time before was moments but
A raging battle to control the ether
Was what was made by magic's feature

As I unlock these thoughts of mine
The sphericity of orbs will due align
Universal at a glare before me time
A hyper-dimensional controlling bind

Deep inner knowledge with no refute
As I being to lyre and lute
The earth, a form, a matter pearl

Who controls through plants a matter swirl

Unlocked I am to my own cage
This dimension is a thoughtless rage
So which in control of one no other
I see myself as your own brother

Three hundred thousand years ago
The monolith enacted beings a sown
This dell computed no time states
Where matter diffuses and propagates

So as the Children of Light enacted
Myself to be one and reacted
To search my inner universal core
And relate to you what's in store

To expand evolve, the senses fate
The charkya of emotion to this date
Expand upon this soul of light
For in that dawn the seers of night

Seldom reach unto the door
That opens portals in hopes to gore
A man, a myth, a legend reborn
Eternal recurrence of what is torn

Once upon a long lost glare
Was the energy inside my moments stare
Perceiving alternate reality state
Is what my mind will propagate

So now you see this guise inside
This being in wonders and divine
I feel as though the genius made
Me, myself, my own in flay

Unlock the secrets as I may
For inner knowledge is at self at bay
So as I lock myself away
I gnaw at motions linear play

The stage where on is but a course
To the spirit realm of ghosts and force
The machine controlling the prime creator

Is a word, a thought, a moment after

As now you see my minds myth
Control yourself in the sands and sift
So which upon this day at last
Can we see we all must fast

Rule

Abide in perfect love and trust
Obey the law in matters must
Live beyond in perfect lust
Thus we see, thus we touch

Be a king, a prince, a knight
Compel your soul to seek light
Under the matters psyche
Abide in knowledge of the white

Ruling self control thy will
Avoidance is to be all but stilled
Live in peace, do as thou wilt
Harm no man, for money, shame nor guilt

Live in harmony with blessings sake
Cruel revenge is but your mistake
Live your life on a martyr's stake
Give to all and feelings relate

In abidance to the law of one
Be the essence of the fire and sun
Go beyond, reach into the heat
For your soul is in a natural keep

Perfect light ye bid me kind
Trust in self thyne will abinds
Search for truth within your mind
Brethren, seek yourself divine

Love the urge let reason purge
The selfless gain and random urge
Live for thine home beyond the maker
For time is essence and a fater

Be a spell of nature's Dow
Live your life in peace and sow
Content with nature's harming row
Set sail for shores that glow

Finally, live at peace with others
For all our kind are but your brother's
Let no one debase another
For your life is but from mother

Shore

Spirits infuse my will alone
Seat me upon my voids throne
Let sail to shore and coasts
That will thine-self what matters most

Trod

As I trod upon this grass so fair
I feel the energy of a systems glare
I muse and infuse the essences mare
Upon which what I know what stares

This grass so green refreshed renewed
Is within me, without me, indecisively tuned
Knowing my mind I see the clue
That transits orbits through and through

The woven silken spiders web
Is a thought of self that must be fed
Its fabric chains illusions sped
Toward a feeling moment red

Thus I spoke, Zarathustra said
All must be intelligently and wed
For how could one promote the dread
Upon fixation of linear webs

Prophet

I am a prophet of the mist
Beyond the realms, land, sea and sift
What I am is thus entwined
From a third eye perspective blind
Energy relates the feelings of abyss
And seldom do my notes subsist
And thee thou art compelled to say
Live at peace do what thou wilt today

Fabric

As I dissolve into fabric
I feel the illusion
As I weave my way through light
I feel the motion current
As I am, I entwine with the void
I feel, I search, I am complete
These moments take me away
To lands uncharted and forgotten
I search in hope to find
My mind, thyne realization
Where am I standing but in nothing
Essence surrounds my core
Expanding thus upon the tree inside
My void assumes control
As an expression I feel reality
Dissolve before my eyes
As once, in death, I feel order
I naught to know what I am
This entity controlling my hand
Is not me but you
Am I so lost that your voice is mine
Whilst certain I agree
Can't you see my pains
In this thought I am free
Free of fabric, free of self
Thus I am in control
Control of the system is lost
But lost is found when searched

Secret of Life

missile of change
this time is lost to many who come to see
that the secret of life is a simple key

Whole Soul

In quietude of self
A mirage of being
Silent as the Sphinx
Musing to the cosmos
The barrier of thought
Surrounds my essence
Listening in hope
My fate is restored
Common law begins
As a shadow of doubt
Longevity surrounds time
Yet still I'm motion
A theatre of fancies
Meets open my stage
Closed to inward
Refuge I seek
Choking this infant
I devise my soul
Adhering to essence
I am whole

Seer

deep I now enter my spell
invocation of time
released by my being
lunar light above the seed
that inside shines
my voice, o my voice
how long awaited these words

I usher in the beginning of time
and it dispels my cosmic grace
I am nothing
a nothing I am
I capture my void
yet the void is all
Apollo of once so young
now shines Atum-Ra
and thus I scribe
to a hidden word
Nuit birthed my existence
in non-reality I was born
I founded self upon the unreal
and gave my transference full
I know this inner struggle
is one with peace
to simplify my thoughts alone
do I taste myself?

I wish, my hidden wish
is to find magic on this night
unleash my clear sight to further light
so Apollo I cast thee through
be a way of the seer

Envelop

Pushing the envelope of self
I now enter
Let me sing a song
Prolong in essence
Closed I now seek shelter
A storm
A mist
A crevice
In my Atlantis glory
I feel
Complete
How do I sing
Let me say
Anew, refreshed, clean
Transit of planets align
Spheres of my mind

Self in self
 Agent outwards
 Resign in moments attuned
 Energy flowing
 My pulse races
 Mind focused as still waters
 Compelled to probe
 The unconscious force
 Let me sing
 Dying every moment
 Life is light
 Express

Underwill (Dedicated to AHA)

Loving, stilling, controlling, underwilling
 Love is a gravity that connects all beings!

Love in-will, out-will in love!
 Can't you see that Jove is; who is the Dove?
 Everything under the glove.

Magicians of time do not lie,
 Magic flow from currents divine,
 Makers move from Sources aligned;
 Movements make magic Magicians.

As I come to be my own
 Being; clean I know that this place is serene,
 Calmed by a presence that is a-beam,
 of light, essence, sound, and streams.

This team, a collective Unity,
 Can't you see the Order is Affinity?
 Of a Trinity that flows from the Triangle of Uprightly,
 O yes, Transcendental is the almighty; Oenology.

Where the one becomes the One
 The King's chamber's are the secret door; pun!
 But inside my own light is where I find the Sun,
 A key of Masters that is what is the Sums

A being-in-itself is lost to a being-without-itself

A being-without-wealth is a being who-is-in-wealth
A being-without-chaos is a being who-is-chaos
A being-within-light, is light!

Darkness rules ready demons of deconstruction
Mirrors that need to force Self-induction
Of a reflection that isn't seen due to corruption
But alas! That lightium advances through seduction!

So as I be, free, me, essence rarity!
I compound every presence into a single formality,
Were the signs of time run under a family,
Collectively sought by those of insanity!

Can't you see, wait, I have no sight
I have no ears, for in this blight,
bardo; everyone is dead but me; I'm the White
All objects are but a mirror reflection of my insight!

Everything is perception, perception is nothing!
So what does this mean that senses are something?
But as chaos instilled this light of things
I sing, bring, and loudly tinge of a haughty sling

South does seldom blow the wings of time
But North brings a bridge where the Hawk aligns
The time of the simple plain is combined,
with forces, supernatural, allowances of Mine!

This music of my soul is a Chorus
Can't you see that we all are an immovable force?
That comes into Reality, subjects our course,
Then each favour brings and it will enforce

A new beginning, a panacea of the willing
Can't you see that time is always thrilling
It moves from inward, outward, and conditioning
All beings into a semi-awake transparent withering

Tethering, slithering, down the slopes of munchkin land
Can't you see that I am not a man?
All is but the progression of the pineal gland,
Where lights infuse and particles dance in the sand!

So as I end this node of time

Can't you be your own version of nine?

Night of Light

Dream and remember me
I am alive, moving within the sea

I am so cool that I am magma
I am so hot that I am snow
I am so ferocious that I am a lamb
I am so kind that I am a killer
I am so gentle that I am a wolf
I am so passive that I am a shark

I am so collective that I'm a loner
I am so particular that I am refashioned
I am so hilarious that I am stupid
I am so stupid that I am hilarious
I am so compelling that I am nothing
I am so enlightened that I am a fool
I am so foolish that I am wise
I am such a nothing of light

Spheres (Canto)

Canto 1.

I see a vision, a vision below
Above, beyond all of matter
Inside deep, in the core of self
It is willing to be freed
O ye alas, soul of a brother
Anoint thy will begunst
Another motion to capture me
As each atom pulses free
Slowly I fix my gaze upon
You my dear, I live in warm
So essential are thee to thus
Expand, my vision, harbour flux
The soul a lake of growth instilled
The river flowing thus revealed

This praise, a canto, version twelve
e Of ribs in nature's random well
Deep, this thought will entertain
In this trance I alter frame
As such my mood is as stable
As a fairy, nymph or satirical fable
Cacophonous sounds ready relate
As I flow this hymn from innate
Tabula rasa; sheet of life
Unfolded by the tree's strife
O ye soul, thee pardon me
To rise again, set loose be free
I will reveal the spheres of thought
Seven deadly realms fraught
Each dimension contains the spheres
In which energy is collected
Thus expands the dimensional plane
A thought beyond the status main
So as I wander into the first
I collect myself in birth
The first realm belongs to self
Were the ego is conscious health
As yet to say, why when what who
For the first realm is self in clue
Captured to the void abyss
The song you sing seldom cysts
In plane on the thought of bay
Is instilled by portals the scheme
To source upon the manifold
To tell the tales that take a tole
The first spheres tells a tale
Of what is first inside
This unseen realm of inner sanctity
Is captured in moments time

Canto 2.

O ye my followers, petty guise
Live in strength and tell no lies
Ovid beyond the larva state
Glow at peace within the fates
A stream, a brook, channeling soft
Along the ground the frozen frost
Begunst with me I hold close
Your will is mine in this clause

O brother, who art thou
I see thee in my vision
You seldom show your precarious waves
Along the ocean current saves
So prose behoof your seldom check
Psychic beloved of the sect
In which thy eye stars shine
What in what you seldom whine
O spheres your song ignites me
Your furious fire excites me
Thou hast been freed again
As though you seldom stand
Upon your feet a simple curse
That worse on worse you cycle
To hold within this thought
A ye pondering caught
O listen ye wise men of time
Magic relates the vine divine
As such a way alters mood
It is a form a sensory school
O Bacchus ye death, ye death of self
Twice through framed my myth of self
Destroy, inane, the abyss my friend
For words are nothing to my end
Yet the spheres indicate my power
As thus the first is ego dissolving
Plenty as the school of fish
What is the second, I must insist
The second sphere is the sphere
Of which we love and hold near
It is agape, eros, philos, for lost men
And it is within our own mends
Thus the love of paternity and others
Chooses its path infernally
As choice become the life of sphere
To love our family close and near
Thus end this cycle of planes
Until my thought comes in again.

Canto 3.

Invest your time, time to invest
Upon the centrifugal force that's blest
Inmost being outward shine
To a higher plane of order divine

Listen, hear ye, listen here
Menu voice calls is all but dear
To eat your soul in fission
Stars of death in the prism
Of rays of orbs and spheres
Which radiate alive and near
Such a way to perceive white
The order of a brotherhood psyche
Now let me give a clue
To all the thoughts held true
Behoof the sublime of time
All are based in a crime
Together as one we may find
That all is part of the nine
Who spheres float tither & wither
In moments where we fissure
Thus the third sphere of planes
Is the thought, the home, the glans
Where we find our soul encompassed
To a linear state complete
Thus the mind above beyond
Soars free in we sing along
And such and such when and why
The living dead is real inside
The sphere of thought is boundary free
Were the give and take is always alive
For in a state conditional
Is a full, a soul, a whole situational
Let us recite the mind
For essence goes beyond its kind
Such a way to alter forms
As thus the mind is above all norms
It formulates self and love begunst
Because it is the forefront hunch
That sensory depicts; we relate
To live our life in midst of fate
Thus love of self and self of love
The Jove gifts to us above
Below the ground in the sound
Is where we beat the bush around
O logic, thee mind, self fulfilled kind
Expressing the expression of nature
Begot this sphere, common law
End this canto with the fog.

Canto 4.

O ye, o ye, my thoughtful son
Were caught in moments bind on one
The sum of all events foretell
The bounding of a singularities hell
Forms inside us, wills thee will
And thus depicted a sphere astill
Upon thyne romance of the soul
Where gravity pulls us back in full
Thus as whole the common law
Is do whilst thou wilt, base no flaw
Excite yourself to matters attuned
To live in the arrow of Elune
This song a praise, a foretelling spell
That poised, guided can only swell
A moment bell that chimes away
To the time in lunar array
Thus self, love, thought all shine
That to the nine of seven sphere flow
In which what we wake upon
Is the feeling of what we feel
Thus a feeling comes next
In this lunar system blest
It is what relates the previous
The first three are devious
So as the way of feeling tis
The spell of nature is a kiss
And the feelings through colours perceive
A multitude of selfless impede
So the feeling surrounds the core
Its high & low unlocks each door
To bore in thought towards the centre
Where all is nothing, all is weathered
Feelings attack and are defensive
In moments where there is no comprehensive
Formulate; our minds can relate this
For it is a spiritual battle cyst
What one can relate in silence
Is the power of thought, self, love, feelings & magic
Were once the cause of feelings grow
It does not hinder, nor does slow
Each feelings moves in different ways
From our stage it directs the play
To say; what we harbour inside

Is surrounded by feelings alive
 So as the source of feelings show
 Live at peace let love grow

Canto 5.

In love and light, ye bid me well
 For constructed is gravities hell
 A fission of atoms that south doth sling
 By bandit's arrows and rocks a'flunged
 The love of self, the second guess
 Of a sphere beyond, below and blest
 Its frequency of self doth hold
 A strong, molecular force untold
 As thus the law of order states
 Reason to restrain, logic's gate
 For the fifth sphere of time beholds
 That reason compels all in the fold
 Reason is what nature creates
 A love to invest upon the fates
 The days of many drops of rain
 Shows how reason applies again & again
 So as the fresh dewly morns
 Your spheres of reason are all torn
 Between what is before the go
 How can one relate what he see's thou
 As such the answer always states
 Give to others upon this date
 For fate relates the death of self
 Thus are we respected in wealth
 O brother, who art thou
 Are you just a cloud?
 A phantom or apparition sought
 Be wary, for my words are lost
 Thus still, be stilled, stiltedly stilled
 Let all along we voice our will
 So as reason restrains the love of second
 We begin to realize the time
 As we flow down this stream
 Your boat is anchored close to me
 To be; a float; as such in way
 To void, be stilled, be found Hinayana
 So reason compels the ocean front
 That we seek shelter in a hunt
 As thus the water floats along

And thus reason is a sphere of song
Let us now close this sphere
Be reason to fly through fears

Canto 6.

This boat is following course
To a place unknown, by a force
The river is past, so bye away
And close to the ocean I play
This ship of oak and petty slaves
Moves me to beyond the grave
So what we feel relates the thoughts
That through self and love, we are always caught
The reason above all this we are
And logic compels this canto far
Logic a tree growing both ways
Heavens above and hell in plays
Both we muse upon such
And created dendrites along much
So then upon the ship of sea
We come to be logic free
Power in logic, compelling force
That in a way we always course
Upon the fleeting ocean front
All is within the love of much
So thus reason dispels
All the magic in my hell
As reason doth us well

Canto 7.

At long last the anchor drops
From the ship upon the ocean stops
As spheres collect in the final verse
What we give is now a herse
So what is the greatest sphere
It is essence, one with the divine in fear
As such to alter your form
Is an entity whose essence norms
As such a way I seek further
To replenish what is inside

The further thought, reasons and self

Continue to this being in health
 So essence forms all above
 And depicts the ocean full of love
 A boat upon the ocean
 Now constructs its own motion
 Potential is essence and time
 So thoughts, of yours, they are mine

Muse a Flow

Flow muse of, a day of, spectral light
 Flow of muse, day of A, dynasty

Entrance of, Darkness right? Petty sight
 Celtic sprit, full of wit, beats a'lit

Can't you see, peak of snow, mountains glow
 time within, escape fin, enlighte wind"

passage through, beats anew, refresh clue
 coded words, words are codes, blues music

linear state, present date, multi-fates
 choose a path, magic staff, arcane math

beats a flow, triplet glow, radiant snow
 winds across, tree's flowers, nectar bee

silhouette, canvas art, represent
 light of waves, atoms save, dancing waives

open source, constant force, Realm of North
 take a kiss, magic cyst, nether abyss

open void, water fjord, chaos Floyd
 dark of moon, reflect soon, constant room

Sun of Ra, open law, do as thou
 shall thou wilt, never tilt, control filth

be a voice, open choice, close thy moist
 dry the well, deep in hell, order tells

that the sail, of the whales, never fails
combine one, freeing Sums, always-done

nothing-more, ever-more, dark Raven
prophet nil, constant still, empty will

relative, balancing, middling
all the way, never save, through the day

only-self, all own-wealth, Oghan Health!
Dair of Oak, Stag of Birch, let loose time!

Wizard Way

where once upon a midnight-way
the Wizard trod upon the fray
velvet cast and herbal stone
lightning's karma; justices throne

kiss upon the elvish Trent
along the current of transmission sent
it went upon a twilight siddhi
subsisting subsidia of the Witty

words upon the spell of life strife
upon the atoms knife
cut as holes; furiously stolen
can't you see entities are woolen?

only sheep upon the trodden flay
emerald casts and greenery stays
tree's burning bright as the bush
can't you see this Holy Angel's kush?

it comes upon a Child Divine
a triple eight of early designs
by the woven thread of mine; subjunctive within;
can't you see that there is no fin!

Mahamudra

Victorious clan, subjunctive how
 Evolve Ocean, night song
 because lose, beautiful smell boy
 spell magic sum.

breath out rather, WarLord
 virtual assistant subjunctive, finished supernatural clairvoyance
 sect, heated word immoral
 outward lowest part, bioluminescent soul of honor

remember me, the fruit of men,
 litany command, slice the sour fruit
 deliverance in a natural way, measure energy;
 dignified woman breath out,
 magic loosen standards

suspect what floats,
 great person breath out,
 provided income
 ocean in accordance, suspect what floats
 group person reverse green, remember them.

Time

time
 movement molecules motion
 time

essence electric elastic

time complete concrete creative

time
 surreal serendipitous sound

time
 above all assonance

time tempered treaty tune

time beyond below betwixt

time
tedious tedium total

time
freely floating fast

time
pieces propagate property

time great gigantic galaxies

time
communication communes commonly

time
future fighting flow

time
dissonance dialectic didactic

time in inner inure

time
order ordained oligarchy

time
swinging swaying style

time
silence surpasses sins

time flux flows flambiously

time
cold cacophonies cowardly

time
stop starts surrounds

time
relapse recall relate

time warm water wake

time
all allusive alludes

time

encompassing energized everything

time
nothing nullifies new

time

As Nothing We Begin

as nothing we begin
geometrically we form
from the time in
a status norm

something initiates the day
that evolving disorder
reasons' the right way
as forms the order

time began in a bang
central focal point
expressed in every flame
Doppler ringing joint

all continues and moves
along the speeding light
parallel to that which clues
us into an universal blight

three dimensional time
disorder rate of all
order equals the crime
as light holds the fall

Curse of Agony

dark despair defects the land
depth fathoms none
I see

look, across
all that is
judgment you see
I see
this is how the world began

in ocean depths
the lights such glow
depth fathoms none
upon
a flow

currents and atoms
across the plane
you see
the gain of selfless plans

plans provoke the way
of the wizard
judgment of light
upon all that is right

I see the depths
of familiar guise
your own deep end
learn
to swim

Dark despair depletes the core
depth fathoms none
we see

this world a spell of animate
force euclidean geometry
splices the plane of animate

we are caged by the bounds of a soul
unleash your force
the depth
of one inside

become the man
upon the tide
the current deep
of light illuminate

splendor in darkness
the place of despair
alone I seek
provoked
I stare

betwixt the rows of labyrinth
colors is a familiar form
that traces another

I feel inside
the force of man
to hold some glory
in ocean sand

now nestled in a world
so fair
a glare
a look
a past-time
stare

were I looked upon the death
of kind and visions
display in a night
of mine

this world a place
to fly
in thought ponder lost
ponder caught

begunst the moment
past time
flight of early prison
a hell
of might

this place I seek
to capture a 'far
is my home
my refuge
my Babylonian star

now listen you colors,
that show the core
the white of light
behoove the door

to heaven's light
a fleeting glory
might between the spell
of
Gaia blight

Uranus evolved
into expanded blue
form because of birth
of all
and form

this depth fathoms none
to one allure
this familiar trace
between hell's floor

now nestled
crow withhold
the prow for lions maul
in midnight hours

howl to the moon
so clear
this animals deformed serene

the animal in self
from dark depth defects
is rooted in Adam
who alone accepts

now respect a mind
hat is a fiend alone I know
my will must still incline
massive crime

Soft Snow

soft snow blankets the surface of my heart
a cold chill sends a shiver through my spine
moments obtained for seconds were thought
surpasses logic
oh will you be mine?

fly away sweet bird
your memories still haunt the shadows of
my mind
your stilled hum of your beating wings
fashion a glowing fragment of your
pure essence
contrived for all humanity to see
the fluttering seconds of this once so happy
glee

Prophecy

The tide swoons against
A moment of rare stance
A mountain scene so greed
White-crops journey both ways
Energy arises from within
Yet is synthesized by light
And order begets the dark
Of a whole that bases no sin
O thy calming air
Moves me from here to there
Against the silence I speak
A time travelling persona
Bring me forward to prophecy

I am caught by the sea
Of essence of which path
As I circle wheel blue my staff
On the years the harvest crashes
The storms will prevail the ashes
Yet moon-rock comes to planes
Through desolate order frames
The Dragons of time will suggest
That Alpha to Omega we are a test
To deify the moment crash
With no search upon the best

I am the light
The seeker of truth
I am a prophecy
Of unknown gifts
Fourth vision I can see
Through to your soul's mystery
It flows the energy around
And mimics my thoughts and sound
Yet beings of nothing I see
Who transparent are a dead fee
Yet those evolved through lunar faces
Come to me from other races
So yes, I fulfil and command
I am the Other, the Vulcan, the Mage
I am everything in one being
Yet genius is what is between
My madness of mind holds me
To the light of heat; a cold sea
Yet as I sense your thought of now
Don't I sound delusionally how
Yet my formula of life shows
That all is disorder where order grows
Reason to produce from a chaos state
Were the will floats with a chaos gate
O I now see the future
The gains of dust expound
To the limit of destruction
Hopelessly anewed
The fires will burn
The water will churn
The snow will melt
The law will be felt
Disorder creating order
To help this world along
So all men unite
Under the starry night
The lakes will become shallow
Water will deplete
The grass will stay brown
Because of chemical hounds
The nothing singularity
Will reorder us all
The soul of each man
Will expel to the land
Yet growth set aside

Is what starseeds feel
Yet the regular ignoble
Well shall himself blue
As the tide moves
The land will erode
As the battle continues
All will change form
From dimensional clarity
To fatalities rarity
Who all fall to menu voice?
Is what happens in by choice
All this code for you
No dates but I knew few
Can't write the depth of soul
For now you know, the golden bowl

Book of Daniel

Chapter 1

Praise the Lord, thy everlasting name
Holy is the face of source
Gaze upon thy will of land
As thus to pass the time

Alas, o ye sons of time
Thee universe is interwoven
Thy wills address the scorn
That heats the blood

Inasmuch to say
Holy, holy is the name
That life doth preach
The source of creation

O ye nothing thou hast come
Through thy light of living breath
Pieces and fragments all lost
As you come o thou Israel

I see the pain of ages
The gnarlish idols of Rome
Thy vision of distorted prophets

Who cage themselves fully

Yet who can see my words
Is not but one but all?
O ye redeemer, Christ blessed are ye
As all nations fall

Slowly have thou shown
My God
That light imbues the colour
Address the nation's above

For below is what is
Heaven shall have its prize
And local shall shun the universe
For thy will is woven

O ye praise of God
Daunty is thy hour
For present is thy compass
That leads me to still waters

O thy face, within the crystal
Gazing do I see your flame
Lost is the moment now
Yet found is always within

I ode this chapter to my song
Were all Zeus doth sing along
Compare thy love as a simple bird
A dove that flies through ages

O thy dove, light hast thou shown
In the meeting of diligence
Doeth thou hour protest
Yet there is no argument

O Lord of light
How quiet is your name
It swells the ocean current
And moves tides to bays

The order and refinement
Of this simple praise
Comes from the land beyond

Were such songs do daze

So as I end this first
Be ready in God's own plan

Chapter 2

O they eyes open
To thine will I see
O Lord majesty

I come before thee
Open and willing
To fuse the love Inside

O lord your listen presence
Moves like a cold wind
The trees rustle to your name
And flow with the cosmos

O as dust we shall
Perish into energy
O thy light of words
Come from nothing

I see deep into the realm
Of order and light
The equinox of time
Holds your power bright

Coming before thee
O my master thou
Hast given me sanctity
In this unwary place

So lord I express thou
And it keeps like lambs
Who lay by my Leo
A lion and wolf

I see the pastures soften
The dew of early morn
I confer the light
Into the stratosphere

O holy holy is thy face
Golden light doth harvest fate
I see the essence surround
As this sound comes through me

The light of a crystal
Reflects at prisms point
The order it absorbs
Connects me to the power

O thy son of man
How'd do thy faire
Upon thy ship thee roams
And begunst anew

Yet renewed is my song
So live in thou wilt along

Chapter 3

O Lord thy light hath shone
That son of man and men
Sit hitherto to your right and left
Thee angels along the sides

The Seraphim and Cherubim
All call to your name
Hosana! Adonia!
Limeteria develop the score

The fallen angels of men
Do so roam in the middle
Thy plural lands show
That love doth prevail

In as thy light
The world is one
Praise o thy highness
Your light endures forever

Chapter 4

Thy light of circles
Lord of hosts
Ample is your quiet name

In all moments

O thy tree
Life comes from thee
Your dendrites sway
To love and music

Song of men and man
Nothing surest been
O light of heaven
Reflect in me

O light inside
How wonderful art thee
Whilst certain thy fields
Of daffodils flow

The light to our feet
Suggesting thy name
All moves in power
And mercy so bestows

I thy scent of God
Smelleth do you
I feel your presence
Within and around

O sound hear thy call
Let ocean sway away
As the marigold grows
In light of reason

O thy merge
The field grows
Thy light of infancy
Doth swender now

Hallowed be thy name
All calls out to thee
Yet simple do we feel
In thy essence rare

I come to thee
Lord of hosts
To hear your word

Written through my wand

I suspect no other
Yet all is within
Deep in Zion located
Are the shells of men

Deep doth we breath
In light of the equinox
Spring has showered
Thyne simple rose

As light begets
All comes to thee
As power subsides
In essence we are free

Chapter 5

O I see thy fate
Lord of hosts
Suspended is your name
Serpents tongues craft

Fallen are the angels of time
To Nuit they foretold
10,000 days in the fire
Until eternities cold

So as I come to you
Eternal rest I feel
Yet love surrounds me
Gentle touches pause

Powerful is your name
Lord your light shines
Heavenly is the host
That provides me words

O gentle winds move
To the silent breeze
Echoing the wide landscape
Of grasshoppers roam

Yet do we find peace

Of mind in motion
Only you o lord
Gives me affirmative

Your aura of light
In depth do I see
Transfixed above
Are you my lord

Thy notion of single time
Alone with the source
Moves me forward in time
O time moves

I can see the risen self
A song proclaimed by men
Who doeth thy simple
To honour his name

Yet simple is found
In o lord my heart
Its love is replaced
With your feeling of awe

Awe my Lord rises
To you in all stances
So as you move us
Make your light present

Chapter 6

Thy circle of radiance
The crown jewel
The majesty begunst
Hopefully renewed

O my lostprophets
Why so sad in tale
Isn't light but love
To thy splendour!

Worthy is the lamb
Who rests in his coffin
Anew is the wolf
Who I am behoof

Light shines in all
Yet none send light
How can muse open
To thy lord of hosts

Control and amplitude
Settling water
Wavelike emotions
Recover inside

Three eyes I see
Inside the prism
Four untold songs
I see in light

Magic of arcane
Twist of truth
Intervene redaction
Of order

Chapter 7

O light outside
Worthy is your name
Apollo searches
For your years in vain

Heavenly casts do shower
Upon thy realm of antiquity
I sun shades the moon
In an expression

O light of hosts
Meek I come to thee
The singularity
Is your breath

I come ready and weak
To confer your tongue
O central fire depicts
A God worthy of wolves

So stalking thee I represent
A moment inside

The life blood flows
In what I know

Worthy is the lamb who slaughters
Himself to the name above
Light sends them gifts
Of portal planes beyond

The temple of rocks
Moves my love today
I feel his essence
Surround my core

O core of light
How worthy is God's will
Gently I come before
The hosts of heaven

I see now the plenitudes
Of work done by man
Yet heaven doth surprise
An immortal pen

So as I gaze inward
I see light and seers
Ages long past inside
That I may unlock

So as the time slows
I move my muse today
Let light above the shroud
As all is serene this hour

Chapter 8

Free this voice
O heavenly hosts
Consume the fire
Of angels and demons

Lightly the dew sprinkles
It's wet upon the dew
As heaven falls down
The crown rises up

O angel I see inside
Thy jewelled wings ravage
The internal music of my soul
Light shine in love

Love of gravity
The gravity of love
Me and the son follow
The time in heat

O thy eyes of lord
From above thy ascends
To will the forsaken
The jewels glisten

I speak of love
I speak of light
Both by still waters
Were grace comes adieu

Crystal gazing as a sign
To the realm of divine
Capturing me afar
Light as bright as a star

Now end my love of hosts
To the stars we must give most.

Beingness

Scene 1

Thunder in the deeps, rumbling keeps in ancient days.
Like old thoughts, mirroring the Truth, in eternal ways,
From the stones, the rocks, the atoms, the stocks,
Clay formed, and sensation gave way to the flock.
Each supply fading away, yet always Tao restocks,
For the Tribe, never moves from Unity's dock.

If one falls, society demands, "Oh, just stand up tall",
Yet, are they the one whose mind is stalled?
Nah, find the Tribe, gathering wide, current's surprise!

Reinvention of lyrical tension, combatting how to revive
The old ancient way of Seers, Green Cloaks live.

For the first tribe, resided in the Mistress,
A lucid spell from Nature's own Brush
Painting each stroke, yet giving plants finesse
To experience the properties, -individuals mess!
This symbol, The Plant, came to Seer's inviting.

Open the way! Gateways, Lunar-leys, and Aether rings
To bring one from the root of mind's sling!
To listen, to simple delicacy, it is just fighting the silent void
Against thought, yet the Ear listens to the Voices fjord
Split is thought, open your ear to this Sounds Sword.

Scene 1.1

Lunar Wolf! Dark Moon Tribe! Arise!
The symbol, death marks the Bone!
Deep riddled in Heart's Abode!
Mansions to roam, living far from Home
Inside the Deep Blue Skyness Dome

Sends forth! Gives! Realizing
Hopeless forwarding, undoing
The segments attached to the Asteroid;
Comets flying by, just absorbed by Heat,
A radioactive conflagration, remaining complete

Whole walks around, smells the sound
Listens to the voice, the echo around
Not a choice, just specific fates
Rolling the dates, eclipses, wastes
Until the end, thyme will abate
Here now rolls the Dice of Fate

Scene 1.2

The rings around the Planet's Shape
Give meaning to geometrical states
Yet contained the sound, within
Aether bound, yet boundless fin
Everything comes mindfully in
Towards, towards, BOOM remaking

Open thine listening Ear,
 Far from here, fusions fear
 That atoms come near to the
 Void, blackness absorbed, to what?
 Fission making atomic clocks

Let free ride the rays, hopeless hope
 Were nothing, except everything, ropes
 The strings puppeteer, making unluckier
 Fragments to absolute shock, yet comfort
 In the way, Providence is the state

1.3

Walking alone, gone into whiteness
 That which is shall be as it manifests
 For what is shape, is also sound relevance
 That composites states rearrange delegance
 And yes, the sound has lead me through

Clue no clue, what is leftover residue?
 Thought is the fragments of the Void, few
 Come to see that Oneness combines Relativity
 To Absolute Controversy, of open Reality
 To the closed system operating free

There is now nothing here, but Presence
 Eternal, mysterious, relevance
 Comes into me, full fills the body of Light
 Ringing thoughts leave my body
 As one swims in the oceanic Chaos-blight

The sound waves do not stop
 But currents follow ray's hot
 To drop, crop, reframe and naught
 Into the various states caught
 Naught something to keep wronged

1.4

The octavation, sound propagation through time
 Sublime, how it aligns with the crime
 Like a ringing effect, caused by white-Light
 Singing out, to the affective fourth eyesight
 Eruption particle's sound explodes twine

It reaches so far into the deepest caverns
 Not found in ale and the toxicity in taverns
 Just a moment, a sound touch, lightning a'brush
 Like hail coming down into such, igniting ruffs
 Yet so cold no flame is apparent in the rough

What is a flame brother? Someone who has
 You under cover, flaming each other's past
 Folding, molding, the reincarnation samsara
 Nothing really, just flames coming through moksha
 Let us now begin.

2.0

Heat, flame! Anvil screams in pressure!
 The time stresses, nothing alleviates essence!
 For the presence is just when it was
 And now it was when it was just thought twas
 Lucid among the dream amongst

The flame spirit, elemental of the rising
 Heat and disorder in the Agni
 Enough on that horse and rider fee
 Just another radical singing fire free
 It's just a game, play by the rules or get burned

2.1

The word, heated, can come like a whirling tornado
 Of fire that heats the land in a cascade of oil
 Like temperatures so humid skin boils
 So when you turn around to the portals
 One will begin to see the shadow soldier

The word encombs our flesh, making the rise
 Of energies temperature, freedom now subside
 The essence of myself, and free the invocation
 Now is the time for Oneness and integration
 So such, the awareness speaks in the Word.

2.2

The tomb, the prison of time is the flesh

It is a blessing, and a curse to watch attest
For skin can boil, skin can burn, bones can break
And tables turn. But what is in the thing of things
Is how the reality brings burns, and keeps it flinged

Into the different time-line integrational features
It makes us into this reality, but what did I join back
Who was I before that attack? Was I nothing
In fact, for the whole time I made up its own track
So it consumed my flesh, the whole, the soul

Nothing left to take over, just full, so full
Now empty this is what is thus
So now one sings through the things of trust
But just leaping is like taking the courage
And strong radiation is those who are blurred

2.3

The fire burning, the sound of sensation
A luminous chemical sight, of relaxation
We're connection comes through the Fire
For when flames meet, they become One
And dance until the energy is done
Then the fire water thins out

And smoke arises, rising to the top
Like a transcendental smog, from the spot
And then BAM, grounded you drop
Back into reality where you're now a prop
For the Eagle's emanations stop

2.4

Let's go deep, entertain a dance
Of awareness in a trance, the lance
Of olden knights spoke through the hub
And said, I wonder what was?
It was, love, but a freak came to twas
Then you can fall for anything

Don't say what you don't need,
Keep it locked, power enforces steeds
That chariot the mountain to rest
But then the ride took a long time to bless

Yet now one is diving deep into the ocean

This is something, or is it just another nothing
Writing in the sling of things, like
My pain stings the deepest root of the tree
Sapling cry, leaves wither, branches grow cold
Like the wishing tree of fig momentary shadowed

Is what am, was, thought before, All Right
Is the sight am giving, through the night
But many rooms to walk upon, just a thought
Maybe I should rest? Or relax the minds thought
Into another coherence table toss

2.5

Let consciousness now retain awareness
Light is a information genesis
Captured fire, radiations rudiments
Flames here, flames their, flames dance
Everywhere, yet nowhere is it found
Than more simply burning the ground!

Here we kindle the flame
Bubbles rose from what was first frost
In the glaciers of time, interwoven
Freezing still frozen, captured lost
Yet thawed to the nothingness
Of what appears as appearance

The silent wind eases upon the breath
Of motion, captured at still rest,
Singularity forming the essential Test
To awaken, from sleep, perchance
Dream upon the realm of Chance!

2.6

Coming backwards, in the timeline
Moving craters, rocks, mountains, aligned
To the crime, even a snail can climb
The tallest Rock, involved in the Mine
Of mineral thoughts that do combine

Heat the flame! Sound the Rod!
 The tongues have spoken out loud!
 For all is clay, we are shaped away
 Rusting and withering in the play
 Breathe and fire soul in the past days

As time moved, forethought left
 Afterthought came by but was next
 To the riddle, the way consciousness
 Coming back as the destroyer,
 Of worlds, dust ignites through vacuum curls

To take form in another sea
 And cool from the magma freeze
 As the gentle breeze pushes atoms along
 The dance of what one sees
 Is apparently currenting strong!

2.7

As the coals of time cool from the water
 Melting and merging into all fields felt
 Like a luminescent wave of light's dancing
 Substance, that comes into the pressure
 And tethers things like strings to the puppet master

For Alchemy is essential to human Nature
 For how else can clay be iron to gold rapture?
 Iron sharpens iron, clay dissolves fast
 As gold is malleable and can survive past
 The realization that nothingness captured

The song of time, versus infinity aligned
 Then praising, denying, waning
 And then performing the actual fact
 That the universal principle is still in fact
 Alive and kicking, Diamond made from the

Temperature giving away, to the formlessness
 And allowing the tension to cool the isness

3.0

The waters began to cool, allowing
 Kelvins to dance in performing

Temperature changes, radioactive ranges
Beyond the scope of mind's own eraser
Know to much thine ignorance is full

Empty like a cup, drain all that is their
Feel the motion, the breathe, the air
As the cup washes away and drains
Be fulfilled thine wisdom from cooling pains
Just like the Mountain, always losing gains

Soft dew amongst the blanketed canvas
That we paint in image of change
Separated inane, the waters left
And moved above, cleansing rain
As some droplets make it to the cleft

3.1

As the tale unfolded, the fold came
To be shaped in density made
Like vibrations strange and dazed
Leaving residue for those who seek
But nothingness to provide power weak

As dust to dust, so burns the ashes
And energy thus begins to weave static
Exciting the play, through the dynamic
Shift of patterns, allowing change to happen
While the Monad embraces One

3.2

Dance dance dance with a grain of salt
For salt helps one avoid the faults
Of shapes entertainment, the play
Arrangement, from above as below
So such does the song mellow

Sorrow from another realm, infinitude
Destiny is rather crude,
Matter that forms itself from clay
Into the shapes that we see today
Beyond what was before, a revolving door

So back through the gate, around the bend

Take the corner and you're back again
 But what does one do, when the key fits in
 And unlocks the portal to misery and within
 Embrace the nothing and learn to swim.

3.3

Unio Mystica, paradoxical light
 Oneness around but divided all sight
 Into indivisible infinite of what's right
 Capturing all within without contrite
 Is what one must do in the darkest night

3.4

Now as one has to embrace
 Duality is the conceptual stasis
 Let Right be Left and Left be Right
 Middle path through all + - - + life
 For in this light, all is white

To dissolve the realm of duality
 One must become one with humility
 Purity than ascends and cleanses ship
 And the boat doesn't sink, it persists
 And thus then one is the flow

3.5

Toil toil toil and trouble
 Boil the well on the double
 Frogs and newt, sticks and stew
 Ogre, bat-wing, the morn dew
 Combine all then form anew!

Deep cauldrons bubble with the song
 Of music before the Dionysius throng
 As muse of Awen, the deepest seer
 Comes to me from the well that's clear
 Atoms rise in the mist, something never missed

For the well gives Beingness to each thing
 And as each being is a thing-in-the-slings
 So such doth thine way alter the health
 Of what is present in the Dragon's Mouth

From fire to ashes to the deep waters Hot

We need more Fire! We need the Water!
 Go chop wood and carry another!
 Then boil, boil, stew and gue
 Let the maker remake you new!
 For in this light, all is past due

3.6

Light, essential nutrient of photosynthesis
 The tree of Oak, found in the synthesis
 Of relations to the dark moon antithesis
 Fearing deep patterns form the being
 One must be nothing, calm, clean

For the being enters, it clears, it eases
 It performs, it makes, it controls, it ceases
 But if you take from another, it takes from you
 For the elemental reaction is both ways! Few
 Know this but light attracts what is not sight.

For shadows first shaped the night
 In the formlessness the densities might
 Could not fathom the impervious light
 That came to be from unhindered sight!
 For this new right came through esprit!

3.7

No Not-Being through the currents Stream
 In light, this, essence serene!
 Is not segregated, separated, nor chained
 But remains, captured, imprisoned, bane'd
 To the Shenzhen, pilgrimage of Hun and Po

Let release, sorrow, tomorrow, never new
 Just left over residue, coming through
 Fragments, dark matter, infects
 The, mind of what is, this is fact
 For non-being is allowing capturing

Deep currents undertow the realization

Totality is what reverses sterilization
West to East, find the common station
That teleports astrally to imagination
Then comes back, and rewrites creation

3.8

Beyond the Water's edge
Just abysmal torturing blackways
Like roads current that you sense backwards
As you walk around deadpool gathers
This is in fact, no limiting together

For the beyond is still, something willed
But not, yet found in sought, for still
It is together, remaining unnoticed
To the plethora of flames that walk by
For an iceberg, blue flames make it cry

4.0

From Source to Source, anchor to beyond
The realm free is found in song!
Verses through the muse, everstrong
To unite the Dust to Dust moving along
Currents of rays shine forth among

Bifurcations, bifurcations, and relocations
The teleportation has realization
Upon the fact that dendrites are existing
In the intertwining web conceptualization
This is all fact, under the key clock major

From the first entrance, walked upon the Way
Open doors then Source showed the play
Unlike any other day, first the bright sun Obeyed
And rose from the depths like a flowery grave
For death first came, and walked saved

But death to death, ashes burn light
The sight upon what is is terrible insight
For reaching deep within, the prettiest might
Can be overcome by faith in your sight
Unlike the followers who can read or write

4.1

The first thing that rides the waves time is greed
What do I need or want, some questioning
Like ambivalence to the returning destiny
Need this, want that, third world country track
You are all materialistic realms stacked

Go live in nothing, go eat your soul
Become total, become full
Be absorbed into the Divine Whole
No total, no soul, just hollow
Play the reed like a swallow

For snow leads down the glaciers melt
And feelings vibrationally are felt
Sensations are nil, what a like
For only inbody outbody does night
Come for the death, like white

4.2

So as times melted and came to flow
The lightning blasted crystals, starting glows
That allowed for the first principles to develop
Rays from orbs and shining crystalline structures
This is the Way that Walked Before

It came, particulars, things that needed
To be brought forth, manifested, incase
The realm of very things had to retract
But into its form, a density out of track
Led to be, nothing, in this fact

So the particulars particles form segments
Rays that teleport and regenerate
From the photon light fire's debate
What is, is fire, that is not mistake
And this is how things burn, hell is now, fate.

4.3

First captured flames, times of burning Sage
That led the Father Sky to the Mother Earth
And felt its consciousness in all things melt

As glowing lights flew, so did the attachment
Of different dust particles, to the salt

That liquidized on the crystals, just came to be
Water thus formed into spheres and the sound
Of this hissing fire against water
Held by its bay by the Sky Father
While Mother earth formed clay smothers

This allowed for the first constructional
Basis fact that reality is attached
To each state, experience, date
And all can be recalled by a mana weight
That pulls the consciousness force abait

4.4

Fire, Earth, Water, Air, Aether
All captured in the prism
Colours abound, feelings in sound
Collision met, opposites resound
Towards the Way that Features

The lucid dream that so such steals
Men away from hope, the Star's Wheel
Cyclic in time yet everlasting appeal
This is where one meets his own meal
And takes down, up, left, right, Real

Things come upon manifestation
Tao's designation in active Realization
That form to be is essentially alienation
Allowing the bend of gravity's relation
That keeps things together, saturation

4.5

As things expanded due to expansion
Contraction kept the states from retention
And allowed Goldilocks Zones to fashion
Leading the Way for fusion, fission and passion
To unite the story, to feel the elation

It came upon Earth, Sun, Sky, Moon
Light's fire coming soon

Yet balefire stops, rewrites, destroys
Fabric own perception, rewriting
History as one own being

4.6

Each moment to that moment
Not this moment is torment
Each to their own atonement
Not this and Not That armorment

So be still, center, calm, tornado spin
Within the webs of split the conditions win
Mineral thoughts in crystallized fin
Expansion to each atom swimmmed

In the currents wake, alone, each atom
That awakes, explodes, fires Colosseum
Like each atom a gladiator in it's own prison
Fighting the electronic spin Kadammon

4.7

From source to source, eating the Angels Way
To come into the play, and eat nothing stays
But when nothingness adds to everything strays
They come like dogs barking at midnight hounds quay

This is the eternal fight for rights, nonlinear
Ways, that come before the fabrics glimmer
Such as that which is in the essence
Permeance through luminous beings existence

This is one to another, both fate the brother
Like Zeus and Hades, hating and loving one another
This has lead to the split found from Mother
That the Heaven's Father blesses Earth anon

4.8

One Dragon to the Next, one will say
Fire never rests, always engulfs the way
But smoke cinders to the next state

To clay formed through hissing water's mate

So what we know is this is the first existential
Fact, that water and fire make ash, relax
But then Earth could form and evolve
Into what we know as the string's current

All primordial existence persisting without
But within, the Sky, the blue Earth amounts
To what is right, what is beyond thought
For nothing conditional can get caught

5.0

The Sea abyss, underwill currents
Leading from destruction to Earthly gifts
Some sense the way, others don't
But what Some Praise, got ya daze

Into another frame, that strong's love
Albeit flowed in tears from the lips
Of those who cried in the name
In the darkness; the fear in the shadows

Opening portals to the Heart, just
Away in numerical felt sense, blind
But never in lust, always helping kind
To show what is beyond in astral mind

Love moves frames still
Love under will
Aha! What a remembering blight
You are guided now by light!

5.1

The will of Love, pursuit or passion?
Goal of all or hate in fashion?
Gravity connection the one to one?
Or does it all just be the many and sums?

It is what you make it, but perfect prelate
Come to dance in tunes of purities weights
Leverage from both states, divided contrates
But nothing really makes the mistakes

For the the dentist gives false teeth but the preacher can give
 Ya something to chew on
 Just leading it down another book number
 We are just lyrical singing in the angle

Of what love comes to show, height and low
 And remember in sorrow, tomorrow
 We just sell our soul, but no control
 Doesn't show that we can't handle the load

5.2

Aha! Found in the verse
 Splendid rehearsed, started
 To excite in this part
 For Active Infinity wishes to depart!

Aha spell, lucid dream of his
 To relate to all the love he could give
 To another, all around, tarot, sound
 It was his access point to us profound

He could excite the play, dance the tune
 Sing merrily and cry to soon
 But all in all, he lead the way
 To show that one can transcend, in all ways

This is the path, we showed us all
 Remember, leave your relationships
 Not standing tall, but leave them to the door
 For the command was to be at peace;
 As above, so below.

5.3

One is Total, perfection, in light
 That one is not dreaming the dream insight
 But revealing various plots rights
 Admitting, at fault, is what is all amount

Better days, nothing in the future
 Just the Sun, that has come to the rapture
 Leaving us the fire of One, to unite under nature
 But then we just speak, to one who is

To be, found free, spirit sounding freedom
In the resounding millennium
The window of pain, the torture of left behind
But not as greater to know no pain in sight

This was in the right, blueprint
What is next? The sunset?
Or does it go and let?
And Set the arrow pointing met?

This is what has come to be, a phase
Just another daze, in days
But these things come through the ways
Of love in this poem, a interlude from the
Gravitational pull of the insights

5.4

The current is willing to give all love
For it is a flight of doves
That capture all moments above
And send pure thoughts through waves

This is like dancing saving dances
Of what could one do in multidimensional
Trances, or even states that predominate
That relational states that

Give to love, love to receive
Will to bless, love to greed
When one is past, one is gone
Be ever here, we are strong

5.5

The will, that is Love, for desire is lust
And a greed set in rust
For the old self of thought oxidizes to a point
And then realizes its joint

That the reverse and forward equilateral
Never forms in the material
It just spins and webs the deceit
In myriads complete

Love is will, as will moves action from Love
Without the love of loving oneself
One can give no love, no action
Thus can't in steady reaction

This leads to see that love is just a
Responsive coherence to gravitational fields
That attract or repel, from what is next
Moments blessed

5.6

To find love, is to find will
As underwill, the current is love
Behind, is love, the wall, is love
The love, is what, is, in tall

No walls, all love, all existential points
Relative to the center joint
Love reveals the insights to will
But will must put action to love

So to see, one must always flow
The flow is love, thus when in the flow
The flow is of the spirit and one moves
Into the state of now coherence

5.7

To learn the current, love holds it strong
To discipline oneself in action, is everlong
But moving such in a song, preaches
That the brave are not always thronged

To be in will is to stalk the being
And see from self the way unseen
Then with that one moves to past
And lives in the moment until his last

5.8

Love is learning, learn to love

6.0

Nothing, a net, that caught a particular
Sediment, grid to the network cure
Capturing, all moments that are blurred
Liquid Flux ruptured
Into inness, without the providence

Beyond the layers, different elemental
Barriers, yet no to this and yes to mental
Shut down yourself, walls turn metal
Into rock, ore, iron, than gold middled
Things just come alone tethered next

This form, a mirror background shadowed,
By each own's wake and forest meadow
Found within the dark enclave redetal
Let thunder come down from the fellows
Reign on earth, sulphuric mellows

6.1

What is it that gives? Charity
Is over all hospitality
Loving those who wish to be
Found in mercy, the sea of love, Albeit
Flowing from grace in the race

Each gene to their own pool
As each vortex is it's own cool
Of density matters and love woo's
Let life come through the new
Bless forward in the clue

6.2

What is this? Man sand and land?
All as one to command?
Who was throned before the gland?
That opened and allowed uplands
To downhills and farther strands

The sight to wave upon the crest wake
Is their own mistake, for beneath lakes
Lie to caverns and caves they forsake

Tunnels for snakes to slither in mates
Just another hidden story one will relate

It is pathetic to see, men is diminishing
Towards a chaotic state while ordering
The simple few, in the altitude flying
Down to the grounds, grounding
Those who go to the nothing

6.3

Man is simply a mirror, a reflection
Of each sand in the hourglasses perfection
Counting down roots to the typical distraction
Yet grow both ways is the true passion
Of what love wishes to shadow

Mirror, mirror, on the wall
Do we crumble or do we stall
Do we jump or do we fall
Does the ocean current love recitals
Or just isness in the moment call

There is really nothing more loving
Than a mirror enacting
That some things are benefacting
But reducing
Towards A higher solution

6.4

Nothing to find, nothing to search
Give up now or you'll be hurt
Seeking and buying, gossip and lying
Towards no-blue sky you're denying
Passion the running around trying
To not be who you are already dying

6.5

Nothing is set, it will always let
You to see who sights in roulette
Of the chance, or games, playing techs
Who dance and hide in mask
For nothing set the pace for this task

Nothing always has happened
 Nothing will always happen
 And nothing keeps on happening
 This is what is happened
 For the happening happened
 And Will happen

6.6

The All creates the All
 Nothing creates Everything
 Everything is Nothing
 Nothing is Everything
 Everything creates Nothing

7.0

Silence, order in the court!
 Melting pot in bottom pit forts
 Constructing silent retorts
 While falling down into report
 Of what is this, or not that appropriate

Middling, one can see through the tune
 Radioactive decay that flies through
 Each clue, riddling that, all new
 Leaving the sound memory of what was
 And twas thought before the lucid dream

Only a lunatic would deny the Truth
 Stopping a fire with water, always lose
 Things to expand, gaseous boiling noose
 Getting down to it, one may come unloosened
 Performing that dance ensuite

7.1

What holds castles and forts together?
 It is anon thing that changes weather
 A force of community, flying tethered
 Into the abyss's own terror's severing
 All that was not this isness configures

As still spaces hold the deepest layer
So does each layer make a player
Who can't see, beyond through realm
Of specialized treatment of i'm in hell
But this aint coming from those you tell

For silence holds, and tethers together
All layers and communities special
For man must walk in the forest meadow
Alone in the tree's and the hollow
Sings the silent Oak and Bamboo melody

7.2

Deep ravines hold the darkest secrets
Mysterious lands beyond the crevice meetings
That land in a spot, spot and feathers
Tinder box and toil in benders
Let all ignite! The sound of anvils

The sword hits the steel, the sound reveries
Let a song that inspires the weak
In the suite of malicious counter repressing
A tale that doesn't fit the dressing
But each has to sing avail to the boat heavily

7.3

Trust beyond what is known, no knowing must
Keep you centered in all your lust
To keep you going, spiritual bygone
Lands of spending a making ride ons
Nothing new, just typical martyrdom

What one says and what one preaches
Can't even reach beyond what is teaching
Things to me, to you, and placings
In foot holds you don't even know, debasing
My right to speak and the current's lacing

7.4

The lunatic only fears the unknown
For intuition lead first shamans home
To the way, then back, rehearsing, fact

To show the tribe the way, dance in the day
Going back to the first, this was the way

We cry for the Void! Voices for everlong!
Mysterious song blending through wrongs!
Never ever again through the fog
But toiling and courageous smog
Leads to the Dragon's mouth replugged

7.5

As one works with one, so does sums
Equate the Oneness of all the Suns
That heliocentric to the system's One
Leads all others to point down the spell
That spiralling, we are all in hell

As we work in an order, a one form
This allows us to unlock doors storm
And through not this, but that, norm
Comes to everlong and the love
That sits under will through the glove

7.6

After this, the spell of such!
The formlessness will come at once
After the tune of what is going end
Infinite will take me, where shall I go?
Into the fire of misery I shall glow!

8.0

As silence is a name that is nothing
It comes to show, the game fluxing
Of all moments to that one next
Particles of us are already dying blessed
We are everywhere in all space dimensions

This multidimensional conversational
Telepathic state, is rational, ya debate?
Or just irrational to the scientist gate
Beyond the thought, this will find
A home to the link divine!

8.1

The Tao gives the Silence it's spell
To form words and make holographic wells
Than arise from the deepest swell
And the currents fire us to hell
As the abyss is water's foretell

That as water flushes over body
All things are relativity
Giving, always Giving release
Nothing to particular debase
That is how we are community

8.2

We receive all moments from nowhere
But now here we find it everywhere
So each moment, a blessing received
A spell that time lines may not grieve
But something that must be seen

8.3

Life, Love, Send me your way!
Give towards the Moments stayed
Purge everything in the way!
Death to one who cannot save
Or set the path for others grave!

8.4

Halls of heaven, splendor of heroes
Time mysterious in Elysian fields
Time of Epitaph and converging
To the things that we think rehearsing
No-mind, pure spiritual awakening

This is the rapture awakening
It just released and poured straightening
The old fox looking for revenge
Just amend the heart and feel it blend

Nowhere to run, the void waits....

8.5

Each moment sent,
 Testament
 That living is
 Blessed

9.0

Shocking ignites the spirit
 Into a coherent
 Beam of light, beyond esprit
 Something Tachyon to the wit
 A dream flying faster than it

Caught in the blueprint
 What is next, o wait, forget it
 And stop talking, sit in it
 Relax, nothing particular to it
 Just a name riddled s-----
 Commonplace for dimwits

9.1

BOOM. Splits the AEther
 Wizards feature of nature
 Coming down with a broomstick swept'
 Cleaning the floor that is all wet
 Is it in me or in the hat?

Or is it both, disorder and order relation?
 Or nothing, just a typical fascination
 Of a fantastical nation
 In one's head, drying radiation
 Or in one's head, raditiona's nation relation

9.2

Coming back, from the bubbles wish
 A true gist of the typical list
 Of what one sees, in the oceanic abyss
 For sharks wait to eat your wish
 Of going to the next of what is this

9.3

So cool, flow into the ocean
Let each current come in motion
As next is next and there is where
Nothing comes and nothing stares
Down down down, to the ring of flares

9.4

O the burn, the fires, the sword
Cuts deep into the wounds gorge
Crevices beneath the map
But things that don't even relapse
So cool, the burn, ember, turn!

This is the way, how you must adorn
To the heat of the scorn
That takes you down below all norms
And flies you with what is around
That is the reverie sound

9.5

As embers turn
So such the world burns
And always reduces tracks
Down the whole attack
And relax and sit back

9.6

The cooling element pristines into clarity
The diamond awareness comes within
And doesn't even stop away
It just hopelessly stays
As coal turns hard, pressure weighs

And the diamond
is made.

9.7

Cauterize.

Through Fire And Flames

The flames rumble in the deep
Divorced, separated, fire and heat
Thrusting backwards towards keeps
Of Forest Oaklands and robust seeds

The past is a foggy den in misery
Clouding my judgment, arising
Into Awareness, rain's conspiracy
Like single droplets, comprising

Forsaken am, walking alone doth bares
A heated path, cool Weathered Stairs
Beyond the Midst, lands, and Pulsars
Into the reaches, coastal terrors!

Flowing from Source, undercurrents drive
Forces to fabricate Reality's surprise
That energy is, energy is not, riddle's confide
Black death does reign in places inside

Yet; Purelands hope beyond Zion's Fortress
Like many in oneness, all is seamless
So be as it is, gravity moves reinforcements
To the left, for War is right in-front; torturous

Waving back like a pendulum that swings
To the beat, the this trip, beyond the things
Yet Feelings still Held, like simple flutes echoing
The dance of the hollow reed participating

As flowers sing praises to the sky
So such doth energy return, stays, and dies
Yet so does the Trumpets declare why,
The using the force, the way, provides replies

Us to the sound of, deep rings and Light
Beyond Astral feelings the dark deep night
So foreboding is this infinite dwelling sight
For I know, I know, this is the path allright

This battle in my being, walls held, seering
Deep into the belief and seedlings
What is there, burn! Fire, it is gone, their!
I can feel deep wounds in ushering

Tempest calls, phoenix abound, grounded
As the ash of existence forms, sounds
Rings around, Planets so far now
Like the Force moved these things in mounds

To feel, aye, to heart sting death thine wound
Of stealing like a thief, walking boredom
Yet as many things come to pass, even the Leaf
I can sense tension growing in passes beneath

Moria! Land of death and taxes
Current breathe on factual Maximus
For freedom fights braver than Warrior's Axes
Current steers into Whirlpools, Chaos relax

Order singular to the tune's apparent voice
Like the first expression, all was Absolute Choice
To be, or not, that is the rub, in the plot
For choice to act upon thine Heart, sting's
What is naught, what is thought and what is caught

Riding like a atom through existence
Bohr is deficient on his bubble's resistance
To see, to envelop the fold, persistence
Back to all paths within Time's sense

Aye, the spider has silken thread in Iktomi
Present blue shining mail from Victory

Over mind's battle, a persistent injury
Of chemicals going up, down, rapidly

Don't fear the change, it is within rhapsody
Ecstatic to the folds, within is plasticity
Coming returning, forms consistency
Like water forming to shapes coherently

So somber the times before forgotten
Like caught, in emotionally begotten
Some are like, what is this, am I nothing?
Thus the winds hit the piper while talking

Walking to the fear in the breeze
Winds can wither with Fire's and Ease
Coming down from deep roots seized
What is this? Am "I" nothing? Nothing released

As everything is nothing, Existence Preached
To the role, the different reacting dance reached
Yet walking alone, sensed is the ambiance ceased
For in the end, you are the bird flying unleashed

The end is near, the flying coastal fears
The winds of south that always clear
The trades and times will doth thine seer
Into what is, what is not, what is this? Mirrors

As we walk, some keep silent, like the deep lotus roots
As some talk, they reveal all their pursuits
As some will the way, the bend the Natural Clay
As some are sailing, the hope the rudder stays

Simple grace, like light doves flying through
The fawns memory, spent time in forest woods
As coming down from the spinning clues
This is the end, the final few ambient dews

Of this ode, not of me, for a run Free
 Like the riders who walk the Nine Sensibly
 They see into the realms, take death's Tree
 And cut the roots, flaming fire from beneath

But as Elysian fields are absolute peace
 So such doth thine willowing Oak reach
 Towards the Garden, the Eden walked beach
 The lost place, beyond the realms abilities to teach

For may it be, passing shall see, a single Voice
 Who teaches the Way through his Reach
 But as each choice, is choiceless, clues
 Come through the sails, the stars, the comets Choice

To land on this planet, and grow this lush
 Or to abound by skyward fields and crush
 Another plane of existence and luck
 For in the end, all we have is one and another

Time to clock back in, gravity is spent.

*“O mist behind the world ahead
 And there are many paths to tread
 Through shadow, to the edge of night
 Until the stars, are all a 'light
 We stand shadow, cloud and shame
 We shall fate, the end of shadow's fate”*

Lord of the Rings, Howard shore, The Sacrifice of Faramir

The Forest Elf

Light notes hit the tempo's forest
 The air churns as it holds it's silent form
 Rising, following the River
 Towards Yggdrasil

Summerlands echoing trumpets horn
Swords temperate blade runs through
Like the splice in the atom's fold
Nine Branches

Asherah, leads Wisdom's Gaia
burning like Uranus in storm
Freeing Waves moving to crests
Redemption?

The Quest, listen while Solstice
For River's in Light's Ray
Vortex fields of Order
Towards Substance

Heaven rings no notes
For the silent anvil waits
It's hour is near, yet
Far from us

Ancient mana does one hold
Secret labyrinths locking
One to mind's prison
Holding no keys

Keys! There is no escape!
River running to Oceanic
Pearl from swines fate
I am that is not that is

Drum to the beat, immensely
Does coherence bond
Towards to death
Yet, death is surrender

Fate hammer's Odin bane
As stealth, vicious
Enemies remain

No gain, Self-Story blames

The Universe created this
Destroy all that, not this
But remain a Gift
Death nor Fist

Living life in the spell
Tis lucid you see, dreaming
But relatively one
Comes to the Tree

Dance around the Oak
Dance around the leaves
Dance around the levy
Dance around the ley!

You see, that was all
Gone in the Vision
Somewhere beyond
Land, seas and givens

It was to say, somewhere
In nowhere, but everywhere
It Appeared, but nothing
Always remains

To seek, aye search
To not find, but find not
But found is not finding
The found that is not searched

Deep Styx wells current
Fed death, bardo torment
A river that runs concurrent
To the fading voice

Silent speaks, but only gives forms
Towards fusion and cells
That come alive, protons
Electrons, something neutron

Death only lives in the mind
Recycling various *chitta*
But enhance the Siddha
This is now in Chance

Riddle me this, the tree
Grows up, and down
Around left, right abound
Yet silently, growing no sound

So no sound, but finding the forest
Were nothing exists but all
So nothing is sound in the well
But death provides deep bells

No sound in tree, tree gives sound
Nothing from something, a new ground
To face the senses, to then perceive
Release, that moment

Lust is greed
Intention wills the sorrow seams
That come in rush, fashion
A clothing adrest

Leaving me now

I am here, now, present
Fully alive, dragon mist
Forming words through fire
I am the gift

From deep wells in Atlantis
Does the Occult run stories
Forms show I shall not reveal
But revealed is in the script

From death doth shine thine sting
But haunting slings,
Rotting various deadness
That came into allness

The winds soar through heights
But grounding
Sustaining the rate
Of what is, what is fate?

Fate is a simple note that echoes
From deep silence, were
You make a sound
That nothing comes

But nothing is
And nothing shall be
So nothing exists
Apparently

Come to me
And rhythm the well
We dance to death
But death doth us well

For we sing, we take landing
We see many forms standing
Like death stings
A simple wasp

We come from the tempo
We are now in the face of
What is inside the given temple

We are the sages, of time
The Nine

We are the council of Laws
The given, not layers abound
Ring pass me not, but pass me shall
Towards the centre is all living hell

Why can one not face the centre?
Hell's Tartarus, spawns creatures
Of shadows shaping death hurt
But that only goes the sulphuric dirt

Deep in the well, burning
Turning, churning, boiling
Three eyes, newts, frog
Wasp stinger and dog

Wolfsbane stew, carries few
But living life, strife
Comes anew, so
What we sing is

Tribe, tribe, dance around
Sing to the sound, before
The sky found, its place
Blue is past human race

What we see is what we are

Racing? To the Sun? Or chariots
All but one
Duir, blasted by all
Hold tall

So long, death's glue
Residue, looming over

What is old
But leftover

I felt this sense now
It just came upon me
It is like a looming force
dividing , split, courses
Chant the name!
Give rise the no blame!
Purity from the Sun!
Rays must be one!

We are all a light wave
To the sun we reform
And return
Or void and coldness

Brings the slicing sword
Down to hard, but then
We start, to notice
Things that are apart

The mood is now shifting
Again
I can sense this blueprints plan
Meta marching band

Druids, here, Druids, there
Old ways, Ancients seers
Not this new, pagan Wanna Weirs
Go older to the roots
You there?

Okay, now the temples rocks
What was cropped?
Magma forming in the cliffs
To form into shapes with quickness
O snap, you didn't think that
This is now fact

Cooling cloud storms, water raining
Mana saving, life new braving
Swords slaying, temples growing
Everywhere chaos glowing!

What we shown to man is that
When one wears the fool's hat
It makes him madder in fact
To show you how to do that

That you can't do but do that new
And then the beat of arrows
Wash through the quells
And base an residue

Quick, back, attack
Form new bows to
Shoot the counter
But the new waves

Are but another way down
To the sound of nothing
But to the nothing
That is bound

So I sense sky maps profound
Towards beyond what we see
For how potential is limitless
Like man, you see?

Growing seeds, washing greed
Lust impedes, washing needs
Then we grow, random this
Not that, not this

I can see, the wars of time
Like linear blasts coming

From death doth strike
The key of time

In the rate of crystal glaze chemicals
That can be harnessed below
And released from the soil
To destroy all that are

For how can one destroy life
Start with the soil of strife

This has been, Awen
Speaking through me
Now and then
But then, or now?

Deep building bubbles form
To destroy the paths of many
But many pathless few
Think they walk the one many

Full of empty, but to say
Cauldrons still hold air
Building with what is not there
But it is their to the cauldron

We can see, this riddle games
In the brain's twisting insane
The tree goes deep, in the well
But unleashed, does it

Go well, time to dwell
On the things below hell
What is dark than darkness
Shadow's shapes

What goes it darkness is well

But what shapes the darkness
Is worse than hell
To say at least, what the hell

Unleashing these secrets
Is like opening my book
To the soul that you are reading
Open to your look

So deep and entertaining is this
My thought, on paper
You think it's me
And i am some insanity

But reality, this is never me
It is just a flow from the Sea
Like a Dragon resting
Upon the shores nothing

Like ample waves to the beat
The claws come deep
To silk and seat
Hold the prison

Time's seed, is holding us now
The world's eternity is
In the moment's we speak
But the thinking

Kills the mind, the body
The soul, the stress
The way we come to hold
What secrets we share

Do not but do reveal those
But share what others shore
For the front is always back
And the love likes to attack

So trust those close,
death to the ample
The tree is resting
Be blessed be
Sweetness apple

The Echo in the Harp

The flutes echo a simple voice
through the rattles in Time
It brings with it, a choice
A simple sunshine
Past the Void, through the All
Twirling paths and twisted Walls
Curling webs, spiders myriad withdrawn
Beyond the Lunarfall, episodes recalled
The Moon was Red, yet the Peace was Purple
The Colors; pay attention, they won't hurt ya
But as the Void, White in colors forestalls
Ambient withering temperatures dance
Chance upon luck, or Luck upon the Trance?
Beyond within, within without
Rhythm and blues, things to not live by doubt
For all in all, Black absorbs knolls
For Oaks grow tall, the first seed spread about
Showering the lush, common statis
Dynamic it was, the first element of growth
But perChance the realm will's hope
Deep rooted, below the water's stilled
Was Dragon's, Sixth Dimension Instilled
Lunatic some heard, but the sounds changed the Words
And twas thou upon the beginning, twirls
And paths walked by those before; walking my own towards
Backwards, but always in nowness moment
The routes, from the branches led the rays upon
Which direction to search, for light to day along
As found is searched and Gravity pushed the Course
So such does everything collect by a Source
System's Planets, Suns, Moons and Asteroids
The audacity to see beyond the Galaxy
Wishing Singularities would call one Home!

For Heart's structure is coherence's abode

Death has seen my face, we walked in dances
Webbed, like a garden structure
Is his path, fighting nothing, no resistance
Pure path given to those missing
He trances some out, sedates the few
Walks morning fresh with every dew
Some that is right, some that is left
Some that is blessed, some to the rift
That opens the Mind, to mind
And aligns those from the Crime
Yet as some are not in straight aligned states
So such is their will their own logos fate
But every shark bites threw steel
So watch as he is gonna have a meal

No, no, no, we do not want this way as life
Strife, walking about, pass by
Done! Alitoria! Spoken like a passing why
Riddles like this, come through the nih

Nih is nil, for the end is blue
Soaken with the morn residue
Some things pass, some things wither
Some things, wait, all is from the giver
Immediate Source through undercurrents layers
Designing the rivers, the clay, the stairs

I am there, in the house of holy practices
Above this realm, faceted
Like glory contrived miraculous
I sense, something special, no problem, only solution
Life in beyond the reaches communion
Flying as a love upon the shattered heart
So such did reason give love to start
As death walks in mystery and silent grace
So such does thine abode of silent lace
Were silken frost cocoons the harvested placement
From the generators we come alive
Is this not all the reason we hope to be free?

Walking these paths, before, seeing into the Heart's System
 So such does the blood pump currents through cisterns
 Wells deep, abyss chaos, order, disorder and gravitational dissonance
 Holds the webs, constructed by by Minds vs Mind teach
 How could one hold this misery inside, by never revealing
 Secrets held like strings in the harps music
 Like the silent chirp ringing through Silence

Burning Methods

Tempest Fires; - Burning Methods
A Moore contested, Sword's Freedom
Surrender Fate's Turning Precious
Many Off as Seal's Forage

Release? Clawed Ash Churning Torture
A Test? Misery, Locked Culture
Mysteries clue, - Yearning Soldiers
Pathways Rays, Emerged Star Closure

End as the Beginning

At long last, the performance
 A play, a journey, a dissonance
 Never been afraid, just relayed
 What can I say?

Thinking back, thinking like a prophet~
 A meaning? Nothing is the beginning,
 A root slinging us back to back than,
 A performance, or a slip?

Body in a trap, prison's mind
 Understanding Mind, do you mind?
 Or trained, knowledge through the vine?
 Or just nothingness aligned?

Got script for the plan; who's the man?
 Not me, just currently riding free,
 Like the Horseman Chariot riding furiously
 Through around the Sun, Wait, Siriously

Heliocentricity beyond the gravity
 As Suns walk in their own orbital Reality
 Solar? Or you think, what can "I" say?
 Nothing on the brink, just slip, release.

Let go, take another tomorrow
 The plan is today, don't walk away
 Night is bringing the Way
 For beyond, Layers don't Always Stay

Back to the first flip,
 Script of afraid? Delegating madness, tip
 Is balance the leverage, always with it
 Never think, pure awareness

Leave it up to within, for it makes plans
 Just unconsciousness storming vortex
 Of radiating splendor performance
 Find yourself, no peripheral dissonance

Nobler Tis

tis suffering nobler; or not
 in riddle, nay a plot
 of sigh, but death, a middle rot
 to be, or rub, slings due south
 Swords are like a devil's mouth

like queen's tis Haven
 Poison, neh, images staying

King's court jester's rule
common-fools of altitudes
death thy sting haunts
ghostly realms of shadow moths

lamps tis glow like spell's abrush
touching loadstone; a touch
simple tunes; champions of knights
Divine Rights; Order instilled
fiddle's flow fleeing filled
we are all in this willed

Perchance, asleep to dream
but a dream to sleep perchance!
o yes, thyne Oak stands speech
duir suis nous crafted Adonia
ma'petite ami
a purple spring of nobility
Queens and Kings always love
Sight is a dove;- Singing like Jove

Callisto

As love shores upon the sands of time
Each wave, crescent, and current aligned
Solstice, Equinox, all Divine
As the Dream expressed, is sublime

In all valleys, rivers, and deep wells
Deep dark cisterns, foretold unto hell
Dance the Ghost Dance
Forward, back, Circle Through
Arise, Arise, Arise
Let the dead come through!

We are the ancestors of mistaken ports
Communicating, thoughts teleport
Strings around the dwelling point
Arise! Let the Sword split the court!

Conditions around behaviours hell
Imprisoned monkeys, dogs, and bats
Flying from this to that, relevant
To another plane along the bell

Was this death, a ghost, a fade
A memory upon this glade
A simple dew refreshing the trade
All arise, let nothing be framed

Deep down in the Zion heat
Are rhythms, drums, choirs, beats
That come to start the flowing treat
The nectar pollinates those who are sweet

Back, arise, swords flames through the court
The temple tables turn under the burnt
Ashes of men, burial grounds and rights
To destroy, well, that means it gonna start fights

Riot here, riot there, everywhere unprepared
Looting this, looting that, how is it compared
To this world, a relation of Religions faired
As this ends, the world begins players

And spins its net, to the game of Rights
Can't you see that this is petty insight
To a white that is comparable to night
So in this sea, we only write

Words upon the simple daze
As things come back and things are played
Morning glory around the tree
Many ample bee's and seeds
Flowing from the root to heaven
But downward, cut off, grounded eleven
Double One's by the condition two

Arise, let it be renewed

The old times are past, the waves have crashed
The tsunami will rise and the planes will clash
So harbor my words, speak them well
For if you don't, this world is already hell

Fin
That's all Folks

